TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

It is evident that the newspapers intend to work the Birchall business as long as the poor devil is alive, and as long after he is dead as any public interest can be maintained in him and his crime. The *Globe's* effort to rehabilitate the sensation was as clever a piece of fool business as we have been lately treated to. It is evident that the *Globe* does not expect its editors to be proud, or it would not send Mr. Farrar to Woodstock to write up a cock-and-bull story for its first page. A prominent newspaper may afford to print things of that kind if the scene of the bogus sensation is sufficiently remote and the paper itself is not the author of the fraud, but in the Woodstock instance the *Globe* spattered itself and its editor with dirt at a time when it should have been most careful in protecting both from the generally believed charge of hunting for pennies instead of facts.

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The Woodstock parsons, too, have been having their say, and, as far as they have been reported, a rather uninteresting say it was. Rev. Mr. Russ, a Methodist gentleman, took great exception to somebody's saying that "Birchall is a moral idiot." As this is an expression I have used with regard to Birchall and others who were of a similarly abnormal organization, I feel inclined to take a few lines to defend it. Mr. Russ has said: "A man may be a mental idiot but it is contrary to modern ethics, contrary to modern philosophy, contrary to modern ideas of justice, contrary to the teaching of God as shewn by his revelation that a man can be a moral idiot. If it were admitted that a man could be a moral idiot then there would be no use for criminal courts of justice. Besides, the idea of moral idiocy is contrary to belief in the boundless mercy and all-saving power of God." Now I don't care what modern ethics or philosophy or anything else teaches. I fearlessly affirm that a man may be a moral idiot giving to both words used in the phrase nothing but their ordinary meaning. Mr. Russ says a man may be a mental idiot, that is according to Webster, "a natural fool from his birth," or as another dictionary gives it, "a person of weak or defective intellect." Now I contend it is perfectly proper to call a man a moral idiot who is a moral fool from his birth or has a weak or defective moral nature. I do not need to go to ethics or philosophy or anything of the sort for proof. I have had examples both so numerous and unmistakable in my own acquaintance, of men who from their birth have been morally weak and defective that to seek for proof amongst rules would be like hunting in books for evidence that birds can fly or ducks swim; nor is it unreasonable on the face of it that if some men are born with man's form but deficient in the mentality which God ordinarily gives his children, and others are born without the slightest knowledge or understanding of music, and others are absolutely deficient in color or in form or locality, that still others should be lacking in the moral qualities. Does Mr. Russ intend us to believe that God intends to save mental idiots and put them in heaven? Certainly not. They have the form of men but they are not men. They are lacking in that which distinguishes a man from a beast. It seems to me as unlikely that God would put an idiot in heaven as that our Conservatory of Music would pick up some person, an idiot as far as music goes, and establish it on the platform when a concert is to be given. If a man is a moral idiot it does not follow that he will have a homicidal tendency. He may be a thief and may have to be imprisoned in order to maintain the safety of property. If he be a moral idiot with a homicidal tendency there is nothing very shocking in hanging the fellow. We hang homicides to get rid of them, to prevent them killing people, as well as for an example of what will become, in this world, of those who insist on taking the life of a fellow creature. I do not see what there is so particularly revolting to ethics or anybody else in this sort of thing. It is exactly what we do, it is exactly why we do it, and the preacher who makes the execution of a moral idiot an impropriety or an infringement of the thing itself, Mr. Russ has enumerated, is himself not quite sound enough to be left alone in the pulpit. How can he argue that: "If it were admitted that a man can be a moral idiot, then there would be no use for criminal courts of justice." Why not, my reverend dear sir? We have idiot asylums, not because we can teach idiots anything, but because they must be restrained and watched over. If a man is a moral idiot to the extent of not knowing *meum* from *tuum*, then we put him in jail, where he won't get mixed up with other people's property. If he is a homicidal idiot, *i.e.*, if he is a moral idiot, of the homicidal type, we hang him, not so much because he was to blame as because we cannot have him around. We are not interfering with God's justice. We are carrying out an economic law of our existence. We are not interfering with God's boundless mercy, because after we are done with him, God gets him and can do as He likes with him. We are not interfering with the all-saving power of God. Thank God a man cannot be followed beyond the confines of the grave with the charges people make against him here. I think, Bro. Russ, you are a little off your track. You may be sound theologically, but you are missing that large section of the human family which must be included amongst the freaks. Even in the finest civilization there is still a remnant and a very conspicuous remnant, of the barbarous doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The people who die in your parish, young and old, because of insufficient food, lack of raiment, exposure to the cold and inclement weather, why are not they saved from death by those who are able to save them? Because they do not seem worth saving. They may be very well worth preserving, but millions of them die every year in Christian parishes, not because they are moral idiots or mental idiots or particularly wicked people, but because amidst these great grinding spheres nobody is watching out for them. They are unable to take care of themselves, they are ground into dust, and that which is material is scattered to the winds and that which God gave is taken back by the Giver and taken care of a mighty sight better than it is looked after here even by the gentlemen who believe there are no moral idiots or are horrified to think that a man who could not help being a sinner is killed because he is too wicked to live. Why, bless me, even this doctrine, even the doctrine of a man being punished for that which he could not help doing or for leaving undone that which he could not do, is a part of that beautiful and scientific creed the Westminster Confession of Faith. I have not taken particular pains to find out whether Birchall is a moral idiot or not, but I know there are such people, and lots of them too.

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The season is upon us when the daily newspapers, after, as a rule, chaperoning throughout the year the aldermen who have been friendly to them and their schemes, are taken with a spasm of virtue and call upon citizens one and all to unite and put down the hydra headed monster of civic incompetence, extravagance and corruption. In large and resonant terms these editors who are evidently short of topics or are engaged on an annual exordium, beseech the ratepayer to interest himself in getting out good men for aldermen—candidates pledged to reorganize the system no matter what the cost in labor to themselves may be. The elector is quite as well used to this sort of thing as the man who writes it, and it has not the slightest effect upon him. If we are ever to have a revolution, the patriot who shall lead it must have a little more fire in his speech, more activity in his programme, and more consistency in his course than can be shown by the writers who are so eager once per annum to see some one come out and make a good fight. The Citizens' Association could lead this crusade successfully but they have been kicked and abused so much for what they have done and have been so poorly supported by the newspapers which would like to see something more done, that it may be hard to persuade them to make a new fight, and the year is too near its end for a new organization to spring into existence. Those newspapers and those citizens who are anxious to see something accomplished should make it their business to press the Citizens' Association into this fight. It is an organization composed of several hundreds of the leading men of Toronto—men who are the natural leaders of an outbreak against ward bosses and ring expenditures. They have spent thousands of dollars in their fight to save the Esplanade, and if a foot of our water front is saved they are the ones to thank for it. But the great difficulty will be that within the organization there is probably not a man who could spare the time to serve the city officially, but they would all be willing if they felt that the city was looking to them for such a service, to devote time and money to the election of proper persons to reorganize our municipal system. In spite of this it has been alleged that the foremost men in it are self-seekers, and have no object in view but their personal advancement. The only fear I would have of the movement is the absolute disproof of this assertion by the unanimous refusal of these gentlemen to take office, and the discouragement that this might bring to others. Already they have done their share, and if they repeat their efforts during the coming municipal election, and again expend such a portion of their means as is necessary, they should not be asked for more, and others who in the past have held back should come forward, and volunteer their personal services as aldermen.

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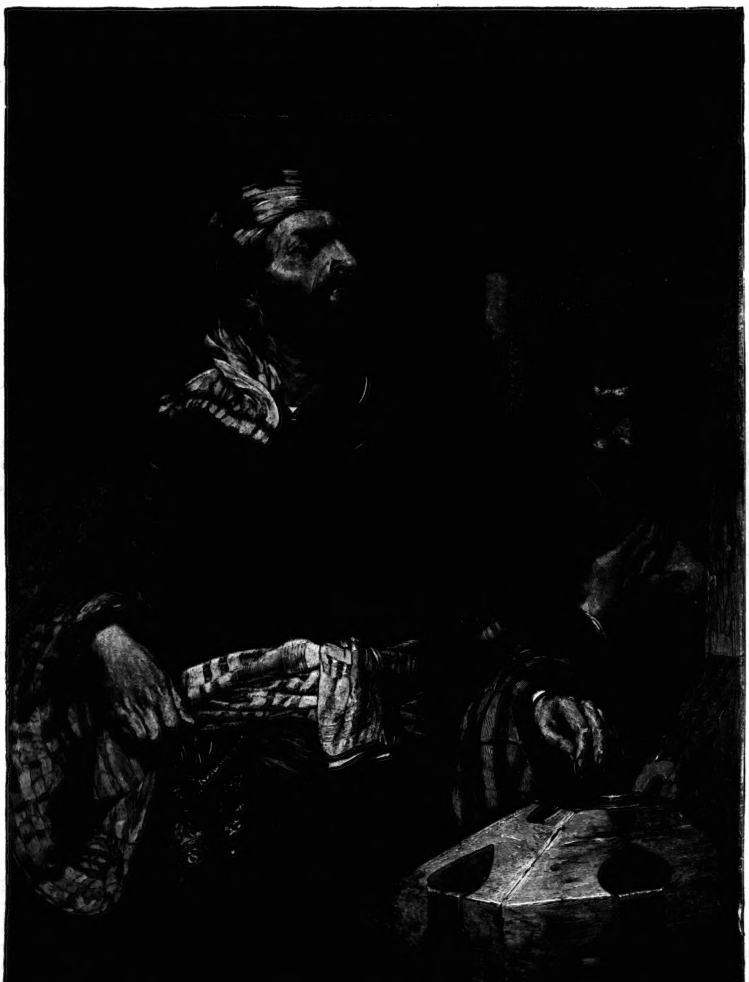
MY DEAR DOX,—Last week a funeral occurred a few doors from me and a neighbor of mine, a young English woman, on viewing it, expressed great surprise that only the male members of the family followed the hearse towards the cemetery. On being told that in the city at least it was not the custom for ladies to see the "last sad rites," she replied that in England they had long ago got over that style and that it was the fashion there. Now, do you think there should be a fashion in regard to this solemn event? It seems to me that ladies should be allowed more freedom than present conventionalities permit. For many reasons, which I will not urge, leaving you to present them in a more forcible way, I believe that ladies should be accorded the option of attending or not attending. If they do not attend they forfeit a privilege and omit the sacred duty which affection prompts of seeing the last of a loved one on earth. SYLVIA.



PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

Of course, there should be no "fashion" with regard to funerals, that is to say no arbitrary determination on the part of society that all funerals shall be managed in the same way. Such a determination could not properly be reached unless society—the community, perhaps, would be a better word—is convinced that all mourner feel the same way, whether the mourning be merely conventional or sincere. But the world is so narrow in its vision, the things accepted as common to all being so few, and the determination that popular observances must be obligatory upon all, make it difficult to establish really sensible and elastic methods with regard to anything. When a child is born into this world civilization imposes upon everyone concerned some definite formula, a state of affairs which is older than the Mosaic law. When people marry, the fact that an important event in the life of two persons is about to take place makes the relatives anxious to do it right and the contracting parties are quite fevered, as a rule, lest something be forgotten. The exhibitions of love in the shape of gifts, showers of rice and old shoes are held by many to be just as much a part of the programme as the words of the officiating clergyman, and the eloping couples who have not been so treated are scarcely thought to be married at all. The great majority of people think they must have a bridal tour of some sort or a honeymoon, which, in five cases out of ten ends up in a "tiff." They must come home just so and act just so, without any regard to any variety of temperament which may and must divide the impulses of the millions who marry.

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When a person dies conventionality seems then to really get its work in properly. Everybody does not marry, but everybody must die, and conventions have a stronger hold, for many reasons, upon the "mourners" than upon anybody else. Though a family may be aware that a death must occur in their midst within forty-four hours at the very longest, that they must be arrayed in black on the funeral day, that it will be impossible for them to get their clothing properly made in time, yet the man or woman who dares to buy a yard of black cloth before the last breath is gone out of the sufferer, would be black-listed for ever. Such coldblooded calculation must not enter into the heart of sorrowing man or woman. You may mentally figure up the style of your new black gown, or arrange whether your suit shall be broadcloth, serge or worsted; you may have thought out the tailor or dressmaker who is to be employed, yet you must not consult them neither before death nor so soon afterwards that you may be suspected of mental preparation. It is considered the proper thing to have a friend at the trying moment, who shall be commissioned to see the undertaker, and who shall also force the family to consider the question of raiment. This friend is expected to go to the undertaker and tell him to "do what is necessary," asking no questions as to the price except in a general way fixing a limit which is to indicate the style of a funeral desired. "Do what is necessary" is the formula, and of course the undertaker spends all the money he can and expects to reap a no mean profit.

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I can well remember "sitting up with the corpse" when I lived in the country and shared the necessity for co-operation which exists there. Three of us ordinarily "sat up with the deceased," whiling away the long leaden hours of the night in a room adjoining the one occupied by the departed, talking in a whisper about all sorts of things, occasionally laughing in a whisper, at midnight partaking of "funeral-baked meats" also in a whisper, stealing into the enshrouded room on tip-toe to see that a cat had not stolen in—such a thing had happened once and a corpse had been disfigured—or to moisten the cloth which covered the poor, cold face, and then towards the dawn, when even the distant sobbing or restless rolling in an uneasy bed of a wakeful one had ceased and when conversation had become scarce and eyelids heavy we still stole in and out of the death room, still moistened the cold face, still whispered and then awoke from a nap to find the others sleeping! A quick shaking of the slumberers, an excited rush to the dreadful room, and a return with the satisfactory discovery that no one had been asleep for over two minutes; or, once in a while, the discovery that we had been asleep two hours, as the first cold rays of the morning stole in through the open window and lighted with a ghastly naturalness the lifeless face. Memories of these doleful night watches, of the busy employment of the neighbor women in sewing crape and cloth garments which were to array the mourners while attending church, the mournful millinery and the preparation of the paraphernalia of woe which had to be attended to on the co-operative plan where dressmakers could not be employed, leads me to believe that in many cases, if not in the majority, it is much better for the females of a house to stay at home than that the house of grief should be made a workshop or the slender means of the survivors taxed for the employment of milliners and dressmakers. Of course it does not follow that black must be worn at a funeral, but the force of fashion in wearing black at funerals must be broken before it would be safe for any one to urge women to attend the burials.

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Personally, when I cease to inhabit this tenement which costs me so much to take care of, I would like my loved ones to go and see me put under ground, or, at least, stowed in some place of safety where they won't worry about the medical students getting me. There is nothing I would like so much at such a period as to be cremated, whether any trouble is subsequently taken with the ashes or not. I believe that is the proper way to rid this overcrowded earth of its dead. The return of "ashes to ashes and dust to dust" in this way is as near the poetical and sentimental end of man as is possible. Dissolution is best accompanied by cremation, but if it is by burial it does seem to me that it would be good for a few tender womanly eyes to fill as they watch the filling of the grave and to keep the rude men folks from trotting horses or stopping too frequently at the tavern as they come home. There is no doubt but that the hard, business-like way with which some poor fellows are put underground would be softened if lovely and loving women were there. Women may not feel much sorrier than men or feel that way much longer but they do it much more tenderly. It hallows the scene, it softens the heart of the onlooker. In country places women still go to funerals and amongst our Roman Catholic friends it is the

practice in cities, and if we could only get rid of this conventionality about wearing black clothing and crape and hiring hacks, if we could go to a funeral and see a loved one off this earthly stage as we go down to the train and say good bye to them while they live and are leaving us on a long journey, I think it would be lovely for the women and children to go and even take the babies into whose infant minds there would creep a picture perhaps never to be forgotten of when they saw papa or uncle or aunty off at the burial place. I don't think people should be expected to scream with grief or perform, but it is one of the loveliest things in civilization that men and women should desire to show love and respect for the dead, and with all the tenderness that is in them to say good-bye when they go away never to come back, and with the problem unsolved when and where, if ever, they are to meet them again.

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I am glad to see that the Mormon prophets out in Utah have decided to go out of the polygamy business. They say that the church does not now sanction plurality of wives, as it is frowned down by the law. It must be said of the Mormons, with the exception of the Avenging Angels or Danites, as some of the early Mormon outlaws were called, that they behaved themselves reasonably well and were the pioneers of civilization in the central portion of America when there were but few others who felt inclined to brave the rigors of that territory, which lies remote from both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. I have always suspected that some of the people who railed against Mormonism were more than half jealous of those seductive religionists who had wives enough to work the farm without a hired man. I think that the cases where women were inveighed into marriages of that sort were not numerous, but the cases which were discovered were certainly glaring and society was dreadfully shocked even though it had gone through social revelations in Gentile cities where men were by no means monogamous—though it may have been that they had one woman as wife they had others who, to use the words of the music hall song, "Were on the List." I have always noticed that polygamy looked more horrible in the Mormons than worse sins looked in so-called Christians. Now that the Mormons have sworn off excessive marriages I presume they will be welcomed as citizens in the territory they founded. They were robbed of their citizenship on account of polygamy, but in Indiana, Illinois and other states, where one of every ten citizens has experimented in the marriage business sometimes two or three times—and where, if the old law that those whom God hath joined together no man can put asunder still holds, many are polygamous—no disturbance is made.

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In all ages there have been but four systems of marriages: One of each sex, called monogamy; one man with more than one woman, polygamy; one woman with more than one man, polyandry; an indefinite and unrestricted relation between different men and women called heterogamy. Polyandry never flourished except in a few localities for a very limited time, and heterogamy has been generally outlawed even amongst the most primitive people. Polygamy, however, is practised almost everywhere except in Christian civilization, the Mormons being the only section of professed Christians who adhered to it. In the Jewish dispensation it was permitted in anything but a restricted form. The other two systems referred to were destroyed and polygamy and monogamy established for the very good reason that as human society became more perfect and better organized it became absolutely necessary that a definite relation should be established which should permit the recognition and support of children, as even the rudest men will not take upon themselves the support of the wives and children of other men, and the organization of society is impossible if the fathers of the children cannot be determined—in the latter case the support of the children falling upon the mother, and indeed her own support depending upon herself, which is the crudest barbarism.

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As polygamy, as a so-called Christian practice is thus practically wiped out, I presume I may re-venture the assertion that I am not quite positive in view of his general conduct, that man is naturally a monogamous animal and that with Tolstoi I have not yet been convinced that the greatest purity of thought and life has been accomplished by the making of woman a suggestive mystery. However as those who write, no matter how learnedly or from how good a motive on such topics are condemned to the pillory, and as no one has yet suggested an improvement on monogamy as we practise it, no good can ever come of discussing it. What we all admit is the absolute necessity of preserving a pure home life, and no other method has been devised save that a man shall love and cherish one woman, care for his offspring and protect from dishonor her whose good name and happiness should be dearer than his own. DON.

The Mystery of the Pannelled House

Read the first chapters of this thrilling serial story, begun in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. It is one of our copyright stories by a leading English writer.

Social and Personal.

The *bal blanc* is a picturesque form of entertainment to give, and I heard a pretty girl sigh out, longingly: "I wish some body would give one in Toronto." The gowns are all pure white, for cream is tabooed, and powdered hair is insisted upon. The gentlemen wear white silk knee breeches and hose, with coats of mauve, blue, rose or faint yellow brocade, and either curled wigs or their own short hair powdered white. The effect of these delicately-tinted toilettes moving to music's rhythm is bewitching indeed, the more so because white gems are permitted the ladies, and the blaze of diamonds, and the soft shimmer of pearls and moonstones enhance the loveliness of the white gowns. The brocaded coats display large steel buttons, and they, too, catch the light and deck the candle-lighted air, with dazzling shafts of brilliance.

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On Thursday afternoon of last week St. Margaret's church held a gay assemblage, when Dr. Ogden-Jones and Miss Marie Morris, daughter of Mr. Edmund Morris of the Ontario Bank, were wedded. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, D.C.L., of Port Hope, assisted by Rev. R. Moore, rector of the church. The bride, who wore cream satin and lace, was attended by five bridesmaids, Misses Jones, Chadwick, Armour, Parsons and Benson. All the attending maids wore gowns of white cloth with decorations of gold braid, and circlets of gold with tips were worn in the hair. The groom was supported by Messrs. W. Jones, M. Morris, G. Jones and Ferrie. After the marriage ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Morrison of Wellington street, and soon after Dr. and Mrs. Ogden-Jones left for a wedding journey, which includes other cities with New York. The going-away toilette was of tan carried out with great excellence of detail. The gifts bestowed upon the young couple were very numerous and very handsome. An elegant necklet of moonstones and pearls was among them, also the deed for their new home, and many cheques were presented, besides the usual articles of dainty bric-a-brac and substantial plate.

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On Tuesday evening last Miss Louise Hartwell Kellogg, daughter of the pastor of St. James' square Presbyterian church, was quietly wedded to Mr. George Inglis. The reverend father of the bride performed the ceremony, being assisted by Rev. Dr. Ratterson of Erie, Pa., and Rev. Mr. Inglis. Only the immediate relatives of the two families were present, and after the congratulations of those present had been informally tendered to the newly-wedded pair they left on their wedding journey over the border. Upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Inglis will take up housekeeping at 40 Russell street.

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The Toronto Hunt Club's fall meeting to-day promises as usual to be a charming event.

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St. Peter's church was well-filled on Wednesday morning last to witness the marriage of Lieutenant Egerton Harvey of Halifax and Miss Ethel Maude Gordon. The bride wore an elegant gown of shimmering white satin, and was led to the altar by her brother. A little niece, Miss Rachel Fuller, in a dainty child-like gown of china silk attended her, in company with a small page, Master Rupert Lovell. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey began their wedding journey after the reception held at the home of Mrs. Gordon, and were followed by heartfelt wishes for much happiness.

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Amongst the invited guests were the following: Major and Mrs. Gordon of Fredericton, N.B., Mr. and Mrs. Headley and the Misses Headley, Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson, Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lovell and Master Rupert Lovell, Mrs. L. L. May and Miss May of St. Paul, Minn., Mrs. Lake, Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Jackes, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Pearson and Miss Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pancen Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. George Harper, Mr. Harvey Willis, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Stewart of Montreal, Miss Booth, Mr. James S. Lovell and Miss Lovell, Mrs. W. H. Fuller and Miss Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Ward of Halifax, N.S.

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Dr. J. H. Richardson's residence on St. Joseph street was bright with light and happy faces on Tuesday evening, when Rev. G. H. Sandwell performed the ceremony which united Mr. Ross Sutherland of Winnipeg to Miss Nannie, the doctor's youngest daughter. Miss Mackenzie was bridesmaid and Mr. James Sutherland officiated as groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland left soon after the reception for their new home in Winnipeg.

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Her many friends will glad to hear that Mrs. Torrance who has been seriously ill, is now out of danger and making rapid progress towards recovery.

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Mrs. Charles Allen and daughters are at present in London, England, where they will remain some time before going on the continent.

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Dr. and Mrs. Norman Walker left on Tuesday by the Germanic steamship to spend the winter in Edinburgh.

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Mr. and Mrs. Lennox returned from Port Sandfield, Muskoka, last Friday, where Mrs. Lennox and family have spent the last two months. They will reside for the present at the Arlington Hotel, during the completion of alterations to their Sherbourne street residence.

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Mr. and Mrs. R. Platts and the Misses Platts of Sherbourne street have returned from a trip to New York and Boston.

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Miss Lucas, who was the guest of Mrs. Herbert Mason, returned last week to her Philadelphia home.

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Mrs. and Miss Patton of Winnipeg were this week the guests of Mrs. Hoskin of Deer Park.

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I hear that the Grenadiers are thinking of giving three assemblies during the winter. Those who remember the grand ball given by this popular regiment some few years ago will be indeed pleased to know that the Grenadiers are about to repeat the pleasurable entertainment.

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Miss Dewar of Hamilton is on a visit here. She is the guest of Mrs. W. B. McMurrich.

*

Miss Thompson of Wellington place welcomed her friends to afternoon tea on Tuesday last. A partial list of those present comprises Mrs. Marsh, Miss Hime, Miss Michie, Miss Mortimer Clarke, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Proudfoot and Miss Kay.

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A very pretty wedding took place in Elm street church, on Tuesday last, the Rev. J. E. Starr officiating. The contracting parties were Mr. Fred C. Foster, the noted bicyclist, and Miss Ella Brown, daughter of Mr. William Brown of Alexander street. Misses Brown and Foster attended the bride and Messrs. J. H. Gerrie and T. Brown acted as groomsmen. The bride's gown was of cream faille and brocade, and one bridesmaid wore cream and the other pale yellow silk. The Wanderer's Bicycle Club of which Mr. Foster is ex-captain, attended the wedding in uniform. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's parental home, after which Mr. and Mrs. Foster began their wedding journey to Detroit and many handsome gifts were made to the newly-wedded pair and an abundance of good wishes followed them.

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The anniversary of Queenston Heights, a red letter day in Canadian annals, will, by happy coincidence be the occasion of the first of a series of National Reunions which the members of the National Club purpose having during the coming winter. Principal Grant the gifted author of Ocean to Ocean will on Monday evening next give a lecture at the National Club House upon Our National Position and Aims a theme eminently suited to the speaker and to the occasion. A reception and conversazione, at which Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron will be present, will form a portion of the entertainment and a pleasurable and patriotic evening is ensured to the members and their lady friends. The idea of having eminent Canadians discourse upon national themes is creditable to the club and the course will be followed with much interest. The speaker in November will be Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., upon Responsible Government in Canada: an Historical Study. As the talented clerk of the House of Commons has attained a European recognition for his Parliamentary writings. A paper from him will be thoroughly appreciated.

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The first of the Canadian Military Institute's series of lectures during the coming winter will be given by Major C. B. Mayne, R. E., on Monday, the 20th October on the subject: The Supplying of Ammunition to Troops in the Field.

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The Association for the Advancement of Women meet here Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. The topics for discussion are varied in character and will doubtless prove interesting and instructive to all who may attend.

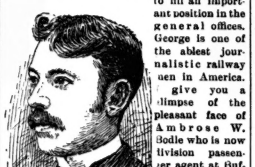
Railways and Steamboats.

Next to the roads running directly into Toronto there is none so widely and favorably known as the New York, Lake Erie and Western, which makes connection with our city in summer by the steamer Empress of India, at Port Dalhousie, and by means of through coaches for New York, both summer and winter. Recent changes in the *personnel* of the passenger department afford me an opportunity of sketching the faces and saying something about the men the public meet on this well-managed road.

Mr. W. C. Rinearson, who has just been appointed general passenger agent at New York is well known to the railway men here,

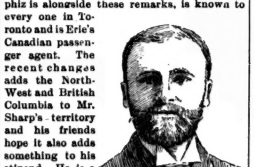
and the phenomenal rapidity with which he obtained one of the highest positions in the gift of an American railway should encourage the boys who are working up. He is still a very young man. Ten years ago he was a telegraph operator. It is only four years ago since he obtained the position of general northern passenger agent at Buffalo. Two years ago he was made assistant general passenger agent, with headquarters at Cleveland, and about a week ago he reached the top of the tree as far as the Erie Railway passenger department is concerned. None can be more glad to hear of his promotion than his many friends in Toronto.

I am sorry I have not a picture of George E. Allen who has gone from Buffalo to New York to fill an important position in the general offices. George is one of the ablest journalistic railway men in America. I give you a glimpse of the pleasant face of Ambrose W. Bodle who is now division passenger agent at Buffalo and Toronto

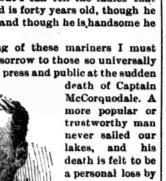


nians will see more of him in the future. Like Mr. Rinearson he began his railroad career in a telegraph office and is working gradually to the top. He is exceedingly popular with all the railroad men who know him.

Mr. Sylvester J. Sharp, whose well known phiz is alongside these remarks, is known to every one in Toronto and is Erie's Canadian passenger agent. The recent changes adds the North-West and British Columbia to Mr. Sharp's territory and his friends hope it also adds something to his stipend. He is a Canadian, thirty years of age, a jolly, pleasant companion, keen and pushing in his business, and without doubt one of the hardest working and most successful representatives of an American road in Canada. He started life as a telegraph operator, and I can join with hundreds of others in wishing that the genial S. J. may yet arrive at the proud post of general passenger agent of the great road. The Erie could not have a better or more highly respected representative in Canada, nor one who attends to his business more conscientiously.

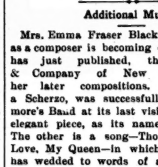


W. H. Smith, or "Smithy," as some of the boys call him, is purser of the Empress of India, and if you look up and down Toronto, amongst all the men who tout on railroads or steamers, or who handle the cash on board, you won't find any man whose personal popularity overhangs that of the little, soft spoken, ubiquitous William Henry Smith. He has not an enemy, for he does not know how to make one. His soft answer would turn away the wrath of anything human, and it is the only kind of an answer he carries with him. I don't know how Smith avoids nursing the babies on board the steamer of which he is practically the manager, for the women all think they own him, and it beats all to see the big men when they get sick lean on the dapper little purser for comfort. And yet with all his gentleness Smith is boss, and there can be no foolishness when he is around. He cannot keep the crowd down by personal strength because he is by no means a big man, but there are always plenty of large-sized ones near by who would make it exceedingly sultry for any one who was impolite to this friend of the traveling public. He is an Englishman, thirty three years old. He has been in Canada seventeen years, and has been with the Empress since '77, beginning at the bottom and now really represents Mr. A.W. Hepburn of Picton, who is the owner of the steamer and several other boats, besides shipyards and mills.



Captain William H. Solmes is captain of the Empress of India and is a man very much after the same sort as "Smithy." He comes from Picton, Mr. Hepburn's town, and has been running on the lakes for twenty-five years. He was a year captain of the Dothesay and has been two years captain of the Empress after having been six years mate on her. He is exceedingly popular with the traveling public but I can tell the ladies that he is married and is forty years old, though he does not look it, and though he is handsome he is very modest.

While speaking of these mariners I must add my word of sorrow to those so universally expressed by the press and public at the sudden death of Captain McCorquodale. A more popular or trustworthy man never sailed our lakes, and his death is felt to be a personal loss by the tens of thousands who patronized the Niagara Navigation Company's steamers. Bluff, hearty old soul, when shall we look upon his like again? Capt. McCorquodale was a native of Oakville, and had been a sailor since his boyhood. He was a thorough seaman and was trusted and respected both by his employers and the people who traveled with him.



Additional Music.

Mrs. Emma Fraser Blackstock, whose fame as a composer is becoming quite continental, has just published, through Schirmer & Company of New York, two of her later compositions. One of these, a Scherzo, was successfully played by Gilmore's Band at its last visit, and is a dainty, elegant piece, as its name would indicate. The other is a song—Thou Art Mine, My Love, My Queen—in which Mrs. Blackstock has wedded to words of a passionate and poetic character music that is thoroughly in keeping with their sentiment. It is very melodious, and its fine musical feeling should make it a speedy favorite.

A Hap-Hazard Hypothesis.

In a physician's office.

"I say, doctor, I wish you'd fix me up something for my stomach-trouble. I've got something inside that, first comes up and then goes down and then comes back again, and—faugh! it makes me sick to think of it."

Doctor—You don't mean to say that you've accidentally swallowed an elevator!—*Judge.*

He Was Observant.

Papa (soberly)—That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor one evening.

Grace (nettled)—Indeed! that must depend on one's understanding of the term "monstrosity."

Papa—(thoughtfully)—Well, two heads upon one pair of shoulders, for example.

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TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

A man who has a latchkey and forgets to carry it, is a most careless individual. He does not rise to his fortunes and he is invariably laughed at. One of these thoughtless men lives opposite my lodgings, and I hear his persuasive midnight voice very often.

One night last week, I was earnestly wooing sleep, but the coy damsel would not come near, because the noise of the falling horse chestnuts frightened her. I implored, she moved farther away, and the brown nuts still rustled through the leaves and bounced upon the pavement.

Soon some one with a brisk step turned the corner, hurried along the pavement, and ran up a flight of steps. There was a moment's silence, then a jingling of keys and the sound of wary feet descending again.

Next came the aspirated voice which besought some one above to lend aid. But that indespensable person was the possessor of an unruffled conscience and slept on.

Finally the impatience of the man below prevailed. There was a provoking laugh, an answering chuckle, and a bunch of keys fell on the pavement. A second ascent of the steps was made, a door opened and shut, and the falling horse-chestnuts again reigned supreme.

*

The following paragraph is almost strong enough to cause a revolution in foot-gear: "An observing man says: 'Do women who haven't got pretty feet, and who know they haven't got pretty feet, if they know anything at all about themselves, wear just the foot-gear that puts their feet at their very worst? A woman with big, shapeless feet, or crooked feet, can afford to wear but one kind of boot—a laced one, and never a low shoe under any circumstances. A button boot does all very well for the first few days, while it still buttons trim and snug about the ankles; but every woman knows that it does this for a few days only, then it loosens and begins to take on the shape of the foot, exaggerating its peculiarities every day just a little. And, by-and-bye, before the boot is half worn out, it is a kind of caricature of the foot, with every defect and imperfection exaggerated. The laced boot doesn't do this, because it can be drawn up every morning like a new boot, holding the foot always firmly and securely, and so acts as a corrective against any tendency the foot has to be ill-shaped and spreading.'"

It may be all true, but the man has yet to live who will persuade all womankind to dress their feet becomingly and sensibly. We do so cling to the dainty in foot-gear that even a little unsuitability and often considerable expense are set aside for the sake of the pretty shape, or the well-finished work of a pair of shoes. Laced walking boots may be the best, but I think that most women will buy button-side-street boots for some time to come.

For fancy shoes, those in putty color, pearl tints, and dove gray, are in greatest favor, but elaborate low shoes and slippers are shown in all the pale tints to harmonize with the gowns.

Black still reigns with ordinary dress, and the practice now is to wear a shoe a half size longer than necessary, for slim feet are the fashion and the length accentuates a foot's slenderness.

*

Speaking of chatelaines, one of which I read recently, has, at least, novelty to recommend it. A silver walnut holds a powder-puff, a white mouse with green eyes holds my lady's favorite perfume, a small guinea pig is depended upon for lip salve, while a netted purse, a watch, a tablet pencil, pincushion and whistle jingle together in great glee.

*

A bright talkative girl who was doing the city with some guests, amused me very much yesterday. We were in a car on King, nearing Yonge from the east. They were all discussing sight-seeing, and in the midst of pleasing recollections and indefinite speculations, the young girl said earnestly: "I should think we must have walked almost a mile this morning."

The intonation of the word mile was a wonderful mixture of surprise and self-satisfaction. They acquiesced, and I laughed.

*

Why do women trim their gowns with ribbons which neither make a good match, nor form a good contrast.

All through the summer I have noticed gowns adorned with ribbon which fairly screamed at the goods. In only one instance did I see a perfect match, and that was in a fawn shade.

*

One bright afternoon last week I wandered through a small country cemetery. It has long been a burial place and the headstones tell of years and years of dreamless sleep.

Nearly all the graves are marked by simple white marbles, though a few more costly stones rise here and there to show that money is more plentiful in the present generation.

One of these is a shaft of granite, with an inscription which shows that the grave was for years unmarked.

On another face of the same stone a name with dates is recorded, and beneath a simple sentence teaches me that the brave lad who sleeps there gave his life for another.

I know the history of those two, and I know and love the sweet woman whose heart reached out to the nameless graves and set above them a lasting sign of tender memory.

In another place twelve mounds are side by side. Part of a family sleep there. Nearest me is the founder of the house, who was born in Massachussetts and laid away almost forty years ago. Beside him is the wife, whose early years were passed in Connecticut. She died first, but there are only three months' difference in the death dates.

Then come their children, three of them with their families. One was a young wife when she died, and a small stone bears her pretty old-fashioned name.

Her pet name is familiar to my ears, and I recollected that I had a tress of her shining brown hair among my keepsakes.

The grass was long and crisp. Except in one instance I saw no attempt at decoration, but nature had performed her part well. The rusted leaves from shrubs near by had filled many of the hollows, the frost had tinged their undergrowth with autumn shades, the sky was blue above, unflecked by clouds, and the glorious sun rested in calm still beauty on the brown and gray and white, glinting as it touched the gold, which lettered the name of a dear one gone.

Beyond the fence a willow stood, with one dead arm reaching over into the quiet enclosure, while in the muddy stream which trickled near its roots, the fifth generation of happy dirty boy hood played with careless mirth.

CLIP CAREW.

Old Spanish Song.

I'm thinking of the wooing
That won my maiden heart
When he—he came pursuing
A love unused to art,
Into the drowsy river
The moon transported flung
Her soul that seemed to quiver
When the songs my lover sung.
And the stars in rapture twinkled
On the slumbrous world below—
You see that, old and wrinkled,
I'm not forgetful—no!

He still should be repeating
The vows he uttered then—
Alas! the years, though fleeting,
Are truer yet than men!
The summer moonlight glistens
In the favorite trysting spot
Where the river ever listens
For a song it heareth not.
And I, whose head is sprinkled
With time's benumbing snow,
I languish, old and wrinkled,
But not forgetful—no!

What though he elsewhere turneth
To beauty strangely bold?
Still in my bosom burneth
The tender fire of old:
And the words of love he told me
And the songs he sung me then
Come crowding to uphold me,
And I live my youth again!
For when love's feet have tinkled
On the pathway women go,
Though one be old and wrinkled,
She's not forgetful—no!

—*Chicago Daily News.*

Hard on the Industrious Farm Hand.

"These barbed wire fences ain't no good," said the farm hand. "I wouldn't have one of 'em around the place, if I had my way."

"Why not?" inquired the stranger. "They're cheap and strong, and keep cattle in better than anything else."

"That may be," replied the farm hand; "but then a feller can't sit down on 'em."—*Light.*

A Lapsus.

Teacher—How does the earth absorb water?
Pupil—Same as a dog does.
Teacher—How's that?
Pupil—Haven't you heard of a lap of earth?
What do you suppose it laps with?—*Texas Siftings.*

In the Cafe.

Hoffman Howes.—Why don't you hang up your hat?
Howell Gibbon.—The beastly peg is too large. It won't go on.—*Puck.*

The Opera and the Theater.

The season now being opened the only proper dress is the full dress suit. As to dress at dramatic performances the lines are not so closely drawn. The full dress suit is distinctly the evening dress and should never be worn before the evening dinner. It can be worn anywhere in the evening and must be worn on all occasions of formal ceremony, such as weddings, parties, dinners, receptions and other occasions whose formal character is indicated by a formal invitation and where social amenities are at their highest. A full dress suit should not be worn during the day on any occasion whatever, but during the evening it may be worn whenever and wherever the wearer likes, and for formal occasions it is absolutely requisite. The material should be of fine black worsted, either of very narrow diagonal or of fine wales running nearly straight across the web, is the proper material for coat, trousers and vest; or if desired, the latter may be of white or black silk. Recent attempts to introduce coats of blue or other colors, with light trousers, have not been accepted in society, and black still remains the distinctive color for evening dress. Having received a full line of dress suitings with fancy evening dress vestings, I would call attention to my patrons and the public generally. Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West-End Tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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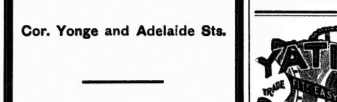

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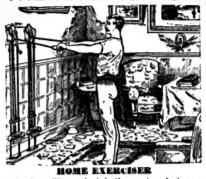

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A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

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PROLOGUE.

"This is the place, Adams."

"Very good, my lord."

"You will wait outside—under this tree will be as good a place as any. I do not expect that your services will be needed, but if you are wanted you will be there."

"Yes, my lord."

The viscount looked up to the darkening sky. It was barely twilight in the outer world; but here in the shadow of a thick wood black night was fast spreading her sombre pall.

Still there was just sufficient light to distinguish the outline of a low cottage, with a heavy thatched roof falling fast to decay, and latticed windows, from which much of the glass had disappeared. This neglected tenement, which had evidently been long uninhabited, stood in a small clearing that might once have been a garden, though any such character had been long since swallowed up in the encroachment of bramble and underwood. Tall, bare pine trees, rose sentinel like around the lonely dwelling, and the night breezes played in the swaying boughs high overhead, making a kind of wailing music. Other than wailing and weeping was the only sound to be heard, save when the dead leaves crackled beneath the tread of the two invaders of the solitude, or a lonely night bird broke into a harsh call as it flitted along in its silent winged flight.

Lord Mervyn, pausing to look about him as he entered the well cleared, seemed struck with the weird loneliness of the spot, or perhaps it was some premonition of coming peril that gave to his usually quiet, nonchalant face, a look of unwonted gravity. Yet when he spoke there was no trace of anxiety or disturbance in voice or manner, and the servant, who had little liking for the trysting place to which his master had brought him, felt that it would be vain to attempt to dissuade him from keeping the appointment, whatever that appointment might be.

To do the honest servant justice, his fear was not for himself, but for the viscount, whom he had faithfully served and truly loved for many a long year; and it was the viscount, who, he feared, was in peril to night, or might be, should his surmise prove correct.

No man ever yet set himself to the task of demolishing time-honored abuses and introducing reforms without stirring up the bitter enmity of those who had profited by and fattened upon the grievances of others.

Such a task as this had Viscount Mervyn set himself upon his father's estate during the last few months and with results that had threatened to prove dangerous to himself. Mutterings of gathering storm had been heard before this; but those who presumed upon the young nobleman's constitutional indolence and general appearance of languor and indifference, found that they had strangely mistaken the character of the man with whom they had to deal. Quiet, calm, cool, and indifferent as the viscount always seemed to be, his will was absolutely inflexible, and he was no more to be turned from his path than the lion on the track of his prey.

Adams knew this well, and it was with no real hope of changing a settled purpose that he volunteered a suggestion.

"You will not allow me to come inside, my lord? I could stand within the inner room."

"Thanks, no, Adams, it is needless and unnecessary. If you take up your station here beneath that oak you will be well within call. If you see or hear anything to alarm you it will be time enough to put in an appearance.

"I will not fail you, my lord. You know I am armed. I wish——"

But the Viscount walked forward with a light, low toned laugh.

"Keep your weapon to yourself, my good fellow. Your imagination runs riot if you anticipate bloodshed."

But even as his master spoke Adams turned his head sharply, and with a start as of surprise or fear, for it seemed to him as if the sound of a subdued laugh of mockery fell upon his ear, though after a second or two of intense listening he was convinced that his fancy had played him a trick.

"It was an owl," he said to himself. "There is not a soul about the place save ourselves. If they mean mischief they will manage it more differently. They will think he is alone, and that will give them boldness; and though they may talk of violence and kidnapping, they will hesitate to use it when they meet the look of his lordship's eye. I can believe well enough that story of the viscount and the tiger. When he opens his eyes and looks full at you—why I can fancy that even a wild beast would fall back. It is something to serve a master like this. Folks call him lazy, think he can be deceived, or has no backbone, as they please to say, so that they can get him over to their way of thinking. Seems to me that if any man in the world would walk up to a cannon's mouth without flinching, as they say they do in battle, Lord Mervyn is the man to do it, and with his cool, careless smile on his face all the time. I think I see him at it——"

Again a faint stirring of the leaves near at hand aroused Adams to fresh attention; but the sound ceased instantly, and might have been nothing beyond the breeze sweeping in a sudden gust through the tall pine stems.

"A rabbit, perhaps, or a stoat. One fancies all kinds of things out in a wood like this. Ah, his lordship has got a light inside; I am glad of that. Now I can see all that passes. I will wait here in the dark shadow till they have come as are expected and then I will creep nearer, that there may be no sudden surprise. If it is Saintsbury, he would be above violence; but then, it may be by chance a blind. If Saintsbury wanted to see his lordship why does he ask to meet him here instead of going up to the house like an honest man?"

Adams shook his head at this, as though the question suggested many difficulties, and as he waited in the rapidly increasing darkness, he made a more careful survey of the premises than he had done at any time before.

About three years ago the cottage had been inhabited by one of the gamekeepers on Lord Doversfield's estate, and then Adams had known the place fairly well; and to refresh his memory he now skirted round it slowly and cautiously, as if he still suspected lurking danger.

The door by which Lord Mervyn had entered led straight into the room where he was waiting now for those who had asked speech of him; but in the rear of the building was another door which gave entrance to a small inner room or closet; and this door appeared to be ajar, for a faint, upright ribbon of light gleamed out as if from the rays of the candle which burned in the front room.

This fact, however, did not greatly surprise Adams, as the lonely woodland cottage had long been left unlocked, though whether by accident or because it made a convenient meeting place for secret associates Adams did not then pause to consider. He felt a sense of satisfaction in the thought that he could enter the cottage from behind if he so wished it; and having made his survey he quietly retreated to his old place beneath the oak tree, from which he could command a view of the interior of the lighted room.

Lord Mervyn was leaning negligently back against the low chimney-piece, with his watch in his hand, though he showed no visible sign of impatience.

"They are late," thought Adams, "or perhaps they are afraid after all to come. Hark, though! What is that!"

There was a loud sound of crackling underwood and rustling of dead leaves and dry twigs, as if someone was hurrying through the wood at a great speed, and without the least presence at concealment. Adams turning round to try and distinguish who this new comer might be, saw a tall, well-knit figure break hastily through the underwood into the open space and vanish into the cottage, locking or bolting the door on the inside, a proceeding that was sufficiently extraordinary to cause the servant a start of surprise.

Adams looked up at the twinkling stars overhead and stroked his chin reflectively. Then he turned his glance to the lighted window and gazed keenly at the intruder, with an expression of perplexity upon his face. The new comer was as exceedingly tall, powerful, and handsome young man of some five and twenty summers, with bright, fair hair, and the grace and strength of bearing that belongs to a perfectly healthy frame, in first-rate physical training.

"Mr. Cedric Musgrave," soliloquized Adams, still thoughtfully rubbing his chin. "Now, whatever has brought him here!—and just at this time too! And why has he locked the door! I'm not sure that I quite like it; for they do say all over the place that they've quarrelled terribly bitter, though they have been such friends before. That's always the way when there's a woman in the case—and that golden-haired beauty at that Panelled House seems to have fairly turned them to enemies, as bitter as their fathers are. Was it really to meet Mr. Musgrave that his lordship came here to-night? He said differently, and it's not like him to say what he didn't mean; but it's plain Mr. Musgrave was expecting to see him; 'twas he that provoked the quarrel the other day, they say, and insulted his lordship before a whole room full of people. I don't think I like it, and that's a fact. I will go a bit nearer—— Hark!—why, yes, they are quarrelling again!—a least Mr. Musgrave is trying to! I don't like it; no, that I don't. I will go nearer. If it gets hotter I will make an excuse to go in. His lordship may not like it; but I will take my chance of that. If it's jealousy, and Mr. Musgrave loses command of himself, there might be mischief very soon."

Instinctively Adams looked to the priming of his pistol, but seeming half ashamed of himself for it: afterwards, he thrust it hastily away. Meantime the sound of voices raised and if in hot argument or dispute was issuing from the cottage. Lord Mervyn's quiet tones were hardly raised, but his companion's were loud and urgent, with a ring of indignant protest that hovered on the verge of an outbreak of passion.

Nearer and nearer crept the faithful attendant, more and more convinced, although he could distinguish no words, that some interruption to so stormy a scene might well be desired, when all in a moment, before the man had settled on any course of action, the fair-haired young giant had sprung upon the viscount, and the two young men were struggling together in apparently deadly conflict.

So astonished was the servant for a moment that he remained motionless at the window for full four or five seconds staring at the combatants as they swayed and wrestled together in the fierce encounter of two mortal foes; but though his master was a practised wrestler and no mean athlete, he was plainly no match for his assailant; and Adams, recovering himself by an effort, passed quickly round the cottage to the door at the rear, knowing well that it would be vain to try and obtain an entrance by the one which had been secured previously.

It was plain to the faithful one that he was obliged to feel his way cautiously along the cottage walls; his eyes had not yet grown used to the blackness after leaving the moonlight so long upon the light within the room, and it was an appreciable time before he found his way round the angle of the building.

Just before he reached his goal, the sound of a heavy fall reached his ears—a heavy fall, followed by a low, deep groan.

"That was my master's voice," flashed like lightning through the servant's brain. "Great Heavens! What is it? What has happened? I cannot see my way in this pitchy darkness. Surely the door should be here."

The man was momentarily bewildered by the darkness and the tumult of his own agitation. All was silent within, as he stood there; but there was a faint sound as of a dragging or pushing; and then the cautious click, as if some door had been latched or unlatched.

By this time Adams had reached the second angle of the house, and was, as he knew, close to the door that had been ajar. He still moved with extreme caution, anxious to surprise the assailant before he should be on his guard. He reached the door—it had been closed—his hand was on the latch—another moment he would stand within the building itself and confront his master's enemy—when suddenly without a moment's warning, he fell helplessly forward across the door step, pierced to the heart by a sharp, keen weapon that did its work as surely as if it sank without a groan and lay dead and weltering in his blood beneath the twinkling, frosty stars.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE MEETING.

A wild, lurid light in the western sky, great black bars of inky cloud crossing flame-colored bars of blending crimson and red—the dying, sullen sea dyed with a crimson streak which looked like blood—long wastes of sand glimmering in the sunlight, the scintillation of rays of light, and then stretching away trackless and bare into the gathering twilight beyond.

A few sea birds dipped their white wings in the blood-stained waves, and uttered their harsh, discordant cries that have in them such a strange undertone of melancholy; but few human beings ever set foot on those long reaches of shifting sand, and but one building was to be seen as the eye traveled along the wide distance of the wide, sweeping bay.

One house stood out against the sky line, one house enclosed within high walls, that even in the warm, sunset light wore in its tints a sombre melancholy that made desolate. It seemed to frown upon the outside world from its narrow, upper window; it was hard to conjecture what life behind those walls could be like, and yet the stranger whilst marvelling at the taste of one who would voluntarily have built his house in such a desolate spot, would hardly have been able to tell why the sight of the square pile before him that gave to it an appearance so sinister and ill-omened. Lack of taste, upright design, or little about the place seemed its most marked characteristic, and yet it was not uninhabited; its owners for many generations had dwelt in those walls.

And now its owners were not alone there. A more gracious and innocent presence dwelt beneath the shadow of that roof. More than six months had elapsed since the neighborhood had been confounded by the intelligence that the victim of the Panelled House, about whom there had been such mysterious whispers, had brought to his house, to the care of the sister who lived there with him, two beautiful young girls, his wards, who were reported to be heiresses of untold wealth. And heads were shaken and whispers passed from mouth to mouth that of all strange charges that ever man could have, the charge of two innocent young girls upon Andrew Vansittart was surely the strangest.

"No good will come of it," had been the verdict in more than one quarter. "If it is a case of money, a father might as well put his children into a lion's den as into the hands of Mr. Vansittart."

And during the past months the girls had hardly been seen outside the walls of the grim, lone house.

At church on Sunday, or occasionally upon the rare occasions when they were seen by those who lived in the immediate neighborhood, but the mystery surrounding the residence seemed to have cast its mantle over them, and those who had intended to attempt friendship with the friendless sisters when first their advent was known, had found some impalpable barrier always raised against them.

Lonely and alone in the wild glare of the stormy sunset, the two fair girls wandered hand in hand along the margin of the moaning sea, and the younger of the pair, who was little more than a child, kept casting glances ever and anon behind towards the house whose walls they had just quitted.

"Is he watching us, Maidie?" asked the elder sister at length.

"He is always watching us," was the quick response, spoken with an undertone of subdued vehemence. "I see his pale face against the glass, Corona. Why did he take us from our convent where we were so happy? Why did he bring us here? Do you understand? Do you hate him as much as I do?"

Corona made no attempt to reply. It was as if such questions had been asked too often to demand any response. Her beautiful eyes looked wistfully out over the sea; upon the lovely face hung the shadow as of a deep sorrow patiently borne, but which was slowly eating into her heart's core.

Maidie pressed closer to her sister.

"Corona, do you think it was because of Cedric that he came and took us away?"

"Oh, hush!" whispered Corona, as if the very sands could bear the message back to the ears of the guardian not so very far away.

"He cannot hear; it is only here that we can ever talk of Cedric. Oh, Corona, darling, will he ever find us! Will he ever come to rescue us? I know he would if he could. He is so strong, so brave—and oh, he loves you so!"

A quiver passed over Corona's face, a quiver of mingled pain and pride and pleasure, succeeded by a look of patient sadness.

"Oh, Maidie, how can we tell? I am afraid to hope. You know he has cut us off from all our friends, and the world is very wide. I do not see how he could find us, and if he did——"

Corona stopped short, and both sisters stood looking at each other, whilst the color slowly faded from the elder girl's face.

"What?" whispered Maidie, as if hanging on her words, a sort of vague horror shining in her eyes. "Corona, what would he do?"

"I do not know—what he has before perhaps—just take us away and destroy all trace—perhaps something worse."

"But, Corona, why——"

Corona laid her hand on the child's lips, and turned away her head, sighing heavily.

"Maidie, Maidie, why need we go over it all again? We cannot tell what is in Mr. Vansittart's mind. We believe it was hearing about Cedric that made him take us away; but I do not think we shall know more, and till I am of age we are helpless. I dare not even hope that Cedric may find us."

"Not hope! Oh, Corona; I hope it every day. What do you think——"

Corona's eyes were strained and fixed—fixed upon a moving figure upon the sandy waste, a figure so distant that it seemed as if any kind of recognition was out of necessity impossible, yet the convulsive grip upon Maidie's arm proved that some deep emotion was surging over the speaker. Maidie started and gazed out in the same direction, the color coming and going in her face; but for a few seconds she never spoke a word, until at last she darted forward like an arrow from a bow.

"It is! It is! It is!" she called back breathlessly, as she sped over the sandy waste like a startled fawn. "Corona, he has come! He has found us! It is Cedric!"

Corona stopped short, her pale, sweet face suddenly flushed with crimson, as if it had caught a reflection of the sun-set's glow; and then as she still stood watching and waiting, her glance fixed immovably on the approaching figure, the bright flush faded as suddenly wards, and all the light upon the face seemed concentrated in the eyes, shining now like twin stars in a frosty sky.

"Corona! Oh, my love—my love! Have I found you at last?"

"Cedric!"

The word came in a sort of a sigh, as for a moment her head sank upon his breast, whilst his arms were folded round her. Yet it was only a moment that she allowed herself to indulge the abandonment of happy love. Slowly, and as if with pain, she drew herself from his encircling arms, and fearfully look backwards towards the windows of the lonely house now shining red as blood in the declining rays of the sun.

It seemed as if the lover read the thought of her heart. He drew himself up in all his stately height, and the handsome face looking down on her was instinct with a strong man's deepest tenderness and love.

"Corona, my darling, do you fear him when I am by your side?"

Truly it seemed as if the speaker were a champion to infuse courage and strength into the timidest heart. He looked, with his bright, fair, and his blue-grey eyes, his six feet three of stature and Herculean proportions of his supple sinewy frame, like some young Viking from the Northern Seas, made for conquest, ready to do, dare all, and carry his point against all the world.

And yet the strained, anxious glance fixed upon the windows of the Panelled House showed that Corona, even in the midst of all her new-found hope and happiness, could not cast off the shadow of a haunting fear.

"He cannot see us now," whispered Maidie, "we are half a mile away. Oh, Cedric, Cedric, tell us how you found us—tell us about yourself!"

They turned their backs upon the gloomy house, and walking forward by the margin of the one at least of the party could forget any cloud overshadowed the light of his great happiness.

"Corona, my darling, I can tell you now who I am. When we meet in Italy I was, as I told you, traveling under an assumed name, for reasons I can now explain. You never doubted me, never feared to trust me altogether, even though I kept something back. I need do so no longer. I am Cedric Musgrave. My father's home is not four miles from here.

"Musgrave! Musgrave!" cried Maidie, "Oh, Cedric, how very strange. Why you must be related to the Musgraves of the Towers or else those of Eagle's Crag. Do you know that Mrs. Musgrave is a sort of relation of Mr. Vansittart's? She is almost the only person we have met since we came here."

"Listen, Corona, and I will tell you all very briefly. I am the eldest son of the present owner of Musgrave Towers. Mrs. Musgrave, however, is only my stepmother, and I have lived little at home since my boyhood, for she has always made my presence there as ill it were an injury to her children. My own mother's fortune, which is mine now, keeps me in affluence, and I am my own master."

"Are you rich?" asked Maidie ingenuously.

"When we saw you in Italy you were a private secretary. We thought you were poor.

"Poor secretary to Lord Mervyn," answered Cedric, with a smile. "If you have heard any local gossip since you have been here you can perhaps guess the reason why, when I was nominally occupying that post, I did not travel under my own name."

But Maidie shook her head.

"We have never heard Lord Mervyn's name since we came here. Does he live here, too?"

"Viscount Mervyn is the eldest son of Lord Doversfield of Eagle's Crag, and my second cousin. We have been friends from boyhood, but our fathers are bitter foes, and our friendship is resented on both sides as a personal insult. When we were in reality traveling compatriots, Lord Mervyn found and assumed a *role* that would excite no suspicion in any mind, should news of his doings reach his home. As for me, I am a rolling stone. When I was absent no one knew where I was, or that my route was the same as Mervyn's."

"Oh, the family feud! We have heard of it, of course," cried Maidie, eagerly. "But no one spoke of Lord Mervyn. Does he really live at Eagle's Crag?"

"Yes, he has come back to settle down and take matters into his own hands, as his father is growing old. You have not seen him!"

"We see nobody, Cedric, tell us more. How did you find us out? We thought we should never see you again. Oh, I can hardly believe it now! Cedric, you will save us from him!—that terrible man."

"Your guardian? What does he do to you? Are you ill-treated in his house?"

Cedric's face darkened with anxiety and wrath. He put his arm round Corona as if he would hold her so against all the world. She looked up with a look of loving trust in her eyes, yet despite that and the calmness of her words, there was a ring of anxious misgiving in her voice.

"No, Cedric; you must not think that. Mr. Vansittart is peculiar, and we do not understand him; but he is not unkind. He may mean well by us, but he seems to intend to keep us as secluded here as at our convent home."

"It cannot and shall not be! I will not leave you at his mercy thus. He is a bad man, with an evil reputation, though I know not exactly the nature of the charge alleged against him. All the social world is talking of your incarceration, and protesting against it. That is how I heard your name, when, after months of weary search, I came home desolate and full of despair. My darling, tell me, was it to take you from me that you were thus spirited away? What motive did he allege? Did you tell him of our troth-plight?"

"I told no one. If he learned it, it must have been from others. He never gives a reason for any act of his. His power is absolute and he uses it absolutely."

"Oh Corona! Corona! take care—he is coming after us—he is overtaking us!"

Marie, who had dropped a little behind, now came running up with this intelligence. Corona turned white, Cedric's eyes flashed.

"I will tell him all," he said firmly. "He shall know that you are my promised wife."

"No, Cedric, no, no!" pleaded Corona in an agitated whisper. "For my sake, for your love me—do not tell him that. You cannot know how I fear him, how certain I am that harm will come to one of us, if ever he learns that. Let this be as a chance meeting; let us turn and face him calmly. Maidie, do not betray yourself. Be quiet, be composed."

The pleading earnestness of the tone conquered. Cedric and her companions wheeled about and came rapidly face to face with a small, slenderly built man, of about forty years of age, whose very singular, smooth-shaved face, combined great beauty of feature with a peculiarly repulsive expression—repulsive at least to eyes that could see through the suave, smiling benignity to the crafty cunning concealed below.

Cedric took off his hat.

"I believe we have met occasionally, Mr. Vansittart, though you do not favor society much with your presence, and I have been for many years a wanderer from home. It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of Miss St. Cyr, at the house of Mrs. Montpensier, early in the year. It is a curious coincidence to meet again in this lonely place. I did not know I was to lay aside your hermit's habits at last, and give your wards a glimpse of the world."

"I am no; I do not intend to leave the same myself. It is a lonely house for two sweet young creatures to be immured in. I fear I overstay my leave. Maidie, come and up. Corona, my love, is it your wish to see more of the gay world? Your wishes are ever laws to me."

The gentle blandness of the tones struck with a sense of chill mockery upon the ears of the listeners. Yet no one could have defined the misgiving that assailed each one, nor have told why it appeared so certain that the sharp talon was encased in the velvet sheath.

"You seem very fond to put it so," said Corona quietly. "I hardly know how to answer. We have always been used to seclusion. Yet, perhaps, as our year of mourning for our father is over, it might be pleasant to see more of the world, if it be agreeable to you."

"Everything that is desired by you will be agreeable to me. I only wish you had spoken earlier. I have received invitations for you, but feared they would only prove troublesome."

"Well it is never too late to mend," said Cedric, speaking cheerfully. "I hope we shall see more of you, Mr. Vansittart. We are connected I believe, and blood is thicker than water. Good-bye, Miss St. Cyr; I must be going now. I am glad to have had the pleasure of seeing you again."

One close warm hand-clasp, and he was gone, Maidie's eyes following him wistfully for a few moments.

"A very remarkably good-looking young man," observed Mr. Vansittart, in measured tones. "So you met him in Italy, my dear?"

"Yes, we saw him several times."

"Ah well, it is an acquaintance you should cultivate. His father is a millionaire and the owner of Musgrave Towers, and he is the eldest son. Unless his step-mother should prove herself to be a remarkably clever woman that young man will some day be one of the wealthiest commoners of the country. Yes, Corona, you should certainly know him."

As he spoke he turned, the steely light of his deep set eyes fell upon his ward, and Corona shrank as if she had looked into the eyes of a basilisk.

By this time the trio had reached a door in the garden wall, which led from the sands into the garden of the lonely house. It was unlocked, for the girls had passed out that way earlier in the afternoon, and that Mr. Vansittart lingered behind to draw the bolts, as soon as they were all inside.

Corona and Maidie did not wait for him, but hurried through the tangled, neglected garden, mounted the moss-grown steps that led to the door and found themselves within a gloomy hall, panelled throughout in black oak, as was the greater part of the house. Passing quickly through this, and up a wide staircase, the girls next traversed a lonely passage and opened the door of their own sitting-room. Only when shut in, in the seclusion of this private sanctum, did they appear able to draw breath freely, or to dare to look in each other's faces, and read there the emotions roused by the strange encounter of the afternoon.

Maidie suddenly flung her arms about her sister's neck with a sobbing cry, half laughter, half tears.

"Oh, he has found us! He has found us at last! But Corona, darling, you will not marry him, and leave me here alone with——"

"Never, dearest, never. We must be patient a little while, Cedric will understand. When I am of age I shall be your guardian, my little Maidie, but till then I will do nothing that could lead to our separation. It is but a year to wait. We must be patient; we must be brave."

Maidie's answer was a rapturous caressing.

"Oh, it is easy to be brave now Cedric is here. It seems too wonderful to be true. Corona," in a hushed voice, "why does Mr. Vansittart talk so differently? Why does he say we may do as we like about going into society?"

"I do not know."

"Does he mean it?"

"I cannot tell."

"But Cedric has come, we know that—our own brave, true Cedric. Corona, I could dance for joy. Oh, are you not happy—are you not pleased?"

Corona smiled; there was a new glad light as of joyful relief in her eyes; yet as she stood looking steadily out over the moaning, darkening waste of water, the brightness seemed to grow, slowly to fade, and was replaced by an anxious, troubled look.

Clasping her hands closely together, she spoke half aloud, for she was now alone, and could indulge the vague foreboding that oppressed her.

"Ah, Cedric, my love, my love—what is it? may is it I fear? Why have this weight at heart, when you are near to succor and help us? Cedric, Cedric, my own love, if harm should come to you through me—it would break my heart!"

(To be Continued.)

Looking Backward.

Miss Dasher (of Denver)—So sorry the season's over, dear. What luck?

Miss Brownbeane (of Boston—dreamily)—I am so transcendently happy. He whom I love asked me to be his wife. He is fond of Emerson, is a member of the Bellamy Society, and is possessed largely of the world's goods, and the root of all evil.

Miss D.—How jolly! I, too, am engaged. He is redheaded; says I seen and I done, and can lick anything of his weight in Denver. And he's got the rocks, you bet.

The wicked newsboy—Look, Jimmy, git on ter de little angel!

Dear little Cedric—Say, pard, if you'll throw a lot of mud on my sister's dress I'll give you a cent, see!—*Texas Siftings.*

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

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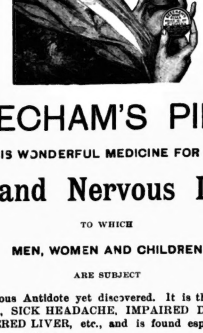

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

Brother Henry's Jennie.

My brother Henry was different from any of mother's children. Everything he put his hand to prospered. I remembered one spring he planted potato peelings in the fence corners, and he raised five bushels of Neshannocks, and they happened to be scarce that year, and he got a dollar a bushel for them. A man wanted them for seed. Just as sure as he plant'ed any kind of tree it would live. He'd lie flat and "fine" the dirt with his hands around the roots, and grandpa said it was more good care than good luck that made Henry's undertakings so successful.

But I don't know what care had to do with his finding a pot of money, which he did, one day, when he was out in the woods with a lot of boys hunting pea-sticks for the pea-vines to run on. He picked up a little round stone, as he thought, to throw at a bird, but it felt funny, and he looked and it was a fifty cent piece. He looked around and found three more.

Many a boy would have yelled out, but Henry brushed some leaves over the spot and hurried on to join the boys. He whispered to Jim to get them out of the woods as quick as he could, and when he was sure they were entirely gone, to start home and come by that way.

We were all used to minding Henry, especially if he gave us one of his looks. Jim soon got rid of the boys, and came back to the spot panting and out of breath. He found Henry sitting under a big tree where the frogs had been rooting. His cap was half full of gold and silver, and his coat held as much more. The frogs had rooted up a rotten bag full of money.

Jim stayed to guard it while Henry went home for a bag and horse. That night, after supper, we cleaned and counted it—there was seven hundred and seventy-five dollars in all. Pa took the two hundred add seventy five, and put five hundred at interest for Henry. That was when he was fourteen. It was close on to a thousand when Henry was twenty-one, and that is when he saw Jennie. She was one of seven children. Her parents were poor, but managed to make an appearance in good society. Jennie was naturally affectionate, but it had been a kind of "scrable" among them all their lives, and it had left its effect.

"If I don't contend I shall never get anything," she often said to Henry, and he offered to furnish her with whatever she needed.

We wanted Henry to take a fancy to Uncle John Purcell's adopted daughter Mary. Uncle John's folks were well off, and Mary was their heir; besides, Mary was a number one good girl, and we all liked her. Henry seemed to like her first-rate until he went to Cloverdale and met Jennie Lenseny. He was mad over her. He said she was just simp'y perfect, and that he would a thousand times rather die with her than live with any other woman.

Pa told him he'd get over it, but he said he never would.

"What does your Jennie think of you?" pa asked.

"She loves me and trusts me—that is enough," Henry answered, and then he went up to his room to sit before her picture and worship.

The second time he went to see her he telegraphed for his money to be sent to him. The bank sent for pa, and he told them to send it, that Henry knew what he was about.

When he came home he asked him what he did with his money, and he said he gave it to Jennie to deposit in her own name. I could see it worried ma and pa, but they didn't say anything to Henry nor to us. Henry went up to see Jennie regularly every two weeks, but the separation was too long to suit his ardent fancy, and he was making arrangements for a change when he received a telegram from Jennie's father.

"Come at once," it ran. "Roy Golden has decamped with your money."

Henry took it very coolly, but the balance of us were almost wild with excitement and indignation. How could a stranger get Henry's money unless Jennie gave it to him? And if she did that, what then?

Henry had been four days absent when we got his letter:

"DEAR PA.—Jennie is all right now, though she suffered from a nervous shock in consequence of that villain's perfidy. The money is most likely lost, but it will only serve to bind our hearts in closer bonds of sympathy."

Pa gave a snort of disdain, and ma took the letter and burnt it. Pretty soon there was a piece in the papers about Henry saving a little girl from under the horses' feet away off in some big city. He came home pretty soon after that. Ma asked him how Jennie happened to let the stranger have his money, and he said it was an unpleasant subject and he didn't want to talk about it; and then pa told him that he could marry the girl, seeing he was of age, but he didn't want her coming near his family.

It wasn't two weeks after that till Henry's money was back in the bank. Henry kept mum about it, and we were all too proud to ask him any questions.

One evening we were all sitting out under the trees after tea, enjoying the coolness. Henry was with us, but he was reading, while the balance of us were talking with all our might. I heard the gate click and looked up, and there, coming up the walk, was one of the sweetest looking girls I ever saw. She came nearer and stood in front of ma and pa, and said:

"I am Jennie, and I've come to explain."

I looked up at Henry and his features were positively illuminated.

"Mr. Golden was my music teacher," Jennie began, clasping her hands in front of her—no one offered her a chair. "He was a professional mesmerist once. I did not know it, but I remember now that when I took my lesson he seemed to will me out of my difficulties. He came to give me my lesson one day, and he was very pale. I asked him if he was sick and he said he wasn't, only had a headache. He took a chair and began to talk, and pretty soon he asked me to lend him my money, and I said I would. He walked along with me to the bank, and waited outside. I drew all the money out and gave it to him as freely as I would have given it to Henry. He told me he would repay it in less than a month with big interest.

"I went home and never thought of the occurrence as unusual until next morning. Then I almost died, and that money doubled couldn't pay me for what I suffered. It seems that upon the day of my music lesson he had received a telegram saying that his mother-in-law had taken his little girl from the convent where he had left her, and that it was necessary to telegraph a sum of money at once in order to put detectives on her track, and he had no money, not even enough to pay his fare. His father was wealthy, but just then he was somewhere north and not easily reached.

"The strange part of it all is that Henry, while looking for him, saved his little girl from being killed, and was the means of her father finding her, for he and the detectives had followed a false scent quite in another direction. Mr. Golden's father sent Henry his money, and me just double, as interest; and his mother wrote me such a nice letter."

"We're a lot of dummies," Lex blurted out, pushing his chair behind Jennie and pulling her down into it. "I think the most of us thought you had stole the money 'cause you were in love with Golden."

"They know better now," Jennie said, laughing, and we all rushed upon her and almost smothered her with kisses.

"Well, what do you think of all that, pa?" ma asked after the noise had subsided somewhat.

"I think it is just his everlasting luck," pa said.

And I really believe it was luck, though Henry's watchfulness and kind heart made him save the child; but it wouldn't have worked out right if he had looked in some other city for his man, or if—well, one little "if" would have knocked every bit of it end-wise. I guess it was luck.

Lady Detectives.

A representative of *Tit-Bits* says of one of the most famous female detectives in the world: You would never have dreamt from her appearance that she was engaged in the hazardous profession at all. There was nothing forward or fast about her, her dress was quite modest and neat, while in conversation she was as charming a companion as one could wish to meet.

And her face—so innocent, and guileless and sweet it looked! It had not only been her fortune—it had enabled her to carry through without suspicion many an intricate case, and had saved her life many a time.

The lady detective gave a short account of some secrets of her profession.

"You must understand," she said, "that detective work has always been a passion with me. At boarding school I went fairly mad over detective stories, and a favourite amusement with us girls used to be to unravel a case from which the main facts were culled from Gaboriau.

"It always delighted me to unearth mysteries, and when I came across a hair-raising record of inscrutable crime, with burglars, poisoners, and faithless women moving about as in a play, that was a thing which made me delirious with joy.

"My father meeting with reverses, I had to cast about to earn my own living, and feeling that my *forte* lay in detective work, I made up my mind without a moment's hesitation to enter this somewhat strange profession."

"Did you find it difficult to make your way?"

"Not a bit. I entered at a peculiarly lucky time. There were few lady detectives then, and there are few now. It is quite a mistake to suppose that there are lady detectives employed at Scotland Yard. There are none. It is true that some female police are in the pay of the Home Office, but that is quite a different thing.

"These were introduced on this wise. Some years ago it used to be customary for ticket-of-leave women to report themselves once a month at the police station of their respective districts. This was a great injustice to these women. The stain of crime was thus ever upon them, and this soon got noised abroad and prevented them from gaining their living in an honest, respectable fashion.

"The Home Office saw this, and so several female police were appointed to keep an eye on these women, thus saving them from the disgrace of making periodical visits to the district police stations.

"You must not suppose that lady detectives are the rough tawdry set of women you might be inclined to think. Some of them I could name are most highly educated ladies, and one is a lady of Newnham College, Cambridge, where she studied with high distinction.

"Of course we employ women for all sorts of work—to sweep crossings, to beg from house to house, to sell flowers or matches, at a certain corner, opposite a certain house, just to see whether Lady So-and-so or the Honourable Tom Noddy is in the habit of paying visits there. Some women are born actors in cases such as these. One under my direction was as neat and cunning a hand in cases requiring mental work as you ever saw.

"Some time ago I had a big case on, and I set a woman to watch a house in a West-end square. The lady we were watching would not stir. We suspected she was there, but had no evidence. Our case was proved in a very remarkable manner.

"The detective posed as a poor, broken-down female crossing-sweeper, with as pretty a cough and as woebegone a face as mortal could assume. For a whole week she wielded the broom in front of the house, being several times completely drenched with the heavy rains. In the middle of a downpour of rain a figure in muslin appeared at the window, espied the poor crossing-sweeper, and hastily throwing up the window, threw out a few coppers inside a tin box.

"This very tin box was what we wanted, and played a most important part in the conviction. It proved that on a certain day she was in the house, and that again led us on to other discoveries which were startling.

"Lady detectives assume all sorts of *roles*. I have been in my time a barmaid, a waitress in a fashionable hotel, a lady's-maid, and even a charwoman. Bless you, I don't mind the inconvenience at all. As I told you, detective work is a passion with me.

"A lady detective must be prepared to rough it, must not be over nice as to food or apparel, and must have none of that too rife article about her called 'womanish fears.' For my part I don't see why a woman should have any more fear than a man. I never had any fear, and I've been in some pretty perilous fixes I can tell you.

"When I see anybody on the street and want to follow, I never care whether I have money in my pocket or not. I just jump into a cab, pass the cabman my card, and the thing is all right. The 'cabby' calls next morning and is paid double fare.

"No, I never carry any weapons, only this small whistle. I remember I had tracked a terribly exciting case. The man was before me, and I charged him with the crime. In an instant a revolver was pointed at my head.

"'Fire if you dare!' I said quite calmly; 'do you think I came here without assistance? Do you see this whistle? If I blow, twenty men are into the room.'

"He was completely cowed, and was subsequently captured.

"Now, as to the cost of cases, unlimited supplies of money are spent. I have stayed a whole summer at a splendid Brighton hotel watching a young spark who was suspected of forgery. I could tell you every shilling he spent. In fact, sometimes I met him at the dinner table, and the simple fool has paid for drives, dinners, etc., for me, while I indulged in a professional flirtation. We never can tell how much any case may cost. So much depends on circumstances.

"Firms employ me in some queer jobs—to watch their clerks and see how they spend their evenings. In many cases I have done poor clerks a service by recommending in my report a rise of salary to a man who, I saw, was almost driven to dishonesty through having to live on a miserable income. I have often been touched by some of the cases I have handled. There is a great deal of poetry in crime if one only had the eye to see it.

"To watch a clerk costs about a guinea a day, with all expenses extra. I have received as much as £1,000 for a single case. Little bills of £400, £500 and £600 are quite common.

"A *confrere* of mine has just agreed to proceed to Moscow to investigate a case for a fee of £500. In addition to this she will receive another £500 as expenses. Some lady detectives earn as much as £500 a year.

"Disguises?—and here the lady detective laughed, showing a row of pearly teeth as white as milk—"well, I have got a well-stocked wardrobe. Sometimes I need to go about as a collector for charities, and then I am dressed quite sober and prim. I stick at nothing, though I can hardly forgive myself for having taken the chair at a mothers' meeting and led the devotions.

"I have dresses as expensive as the most fashionable lady could wish for. I very seldom make up save by changing the fashion of my hair and my bonnet. This makes a wonderful difference.

"I have a wide acquaintance with the best solicitors in London, and have received from some of them some charming presents. Just the other day I had the satisfaction of handling crisp notes for £75 as a single gratuity.

"Would I advise ladies to go in for detective work? Well, that depends on the lady. Recently I advertised in a London morning paper for a smart lady. The next post brought me seventy replies. Only half a dozen were in any way suitable, though the whole seventy, no doubt, imagined that all the dash, cunning, and daring of the detective genius was theirs."

Just at this moment a messenger conveyed a telegram to the lady detective. She scanned it.

"I must be off," she said, "here is a telegram from Inspector Moser, wanting me to start for Paris at once. I always like to execute commissions for Moser. No matter how difficult the case is, Moser tackles it; and, if Moser fails, no detective need look at it in England."

In a few minutes a hansom is at the door, and in a few hours the lady detective will be on the Paris boulevards.

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It was In All Right

"There is something about a flower," said this poet, dreamily, as he laid a reverent hand on the flaming poppy, and just then a wasp emerged from the blossom and proved it in a most pointed manner.—*Tit-Bits.*

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About five years ago I suffered from a very obstinate Cough, from which I was unable to obtain relief. I was finally persuaded, by a friend, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before taking half a bottle of this medicine, was entirely cured. Since then I have used it whenever needed, and always with good effect.—Charles Meacham, Westfield, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I have ever found for Colds and Coughs, or for Throat and Lung diseases. I have used it in my family for many years. It always effects speedy cures.—J. P. Depoy, Londonderry, Ohio.

A few weeks ago I took a severe Cold, which, at first, I neglected to care for. In three days it affected my Lungs, and I became extremely ill. Breathing was most difficult and painful, and my family physician, not being able to come immediately to the house, gave me directions that I should take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I was promptly relieved by the use of this medicine, and, after taking only one bottle, was entirely cured.—Andrew J. Davis, Atchison, Kansas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take it, and, in a short time, was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

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Music.

I clip the following wild sentences from an article on church music in the last number of the *Canadian Musical Herald*: "I think no one, certainly no musician, will contradict me when I say decidedly that the music given us in our churches is of the vilest and most miserable description: in fact is not music any more than the dime novel is high-class literature . . . We see on different sides of us, men working and striving to raise the standard of popular taste in music, and we see in the churches the vilest and most wretched compositions being given as music, and thus actually forming the taste of the young listeners in a wrong direction . . . In a future article I will endeavor to point out an outline for a service which shall at any rate not err on the side of irreverence. For the present let me ask all musicians, for the dignity of their art, to refuse to have any dealing with the abominations in the way of music now, alas! too common in our churches, and to endeavor to inculcate a love for pure music."

These condemnations and the concluding aspiration are so positive and so well-defined in their intent, that I am sure that their writer can find no fault with me if I separate them from their context. As one who has been connected with choir work for twenty-seven years, and who was brought up in the purest and strictest school of church music—the Lutheran church, I feel it my duty to protest against such an entirely erroneous and foundationless tirade. There may be in Toronto a few churches—there certainly are some in the province—where the music is of a simple and perhaps not of a high order, musically considered, and there may be churches in which the governing powers select or permit the use of arrangements whose use as sacred music cannot be justified, but any one at all conversant with the libraries of the larger churches in Toronto and of the better churches throughout the province, will bear me out when I say that such statements as the above can be based only on the extreme ignorance on the part of their writer as to what exists and goes on around him. I do not impugn his good faith, but I certainly do deny his knowledge of what he writes about.

In the matter of hymns there is unquestionably a lack of good judgment displayed in the choice of both hymns and tunes in most collections, even among the best. Hymns are found with bad syntactical construction, with halting metre, and with misplaced accents. Tunes which are worthless in both melody and harmony are plentiful, and the much-abused Moody and Sankey style is frequently seen. But these latter occur mostly in the department of songs for children and answer a good purpose until they can be outgrown. It must always be remembered that hymns and hymn tunes are written for people who are not advanced musicians, people for whom musical gruel is better than musical beef. It is an easy matter to leave unsung what you disapprove of in the matter of hymns, just as well as that may be done in the realm of anthems or church services.

As to the latter department of church music those who know our choirs and their repertoires must be moved to indulgent smiles when they see these frowning sentences. In Toronto, for instance, the Church of England, the Methodist church, the Baptist church, and in a lesser degree, perhaps, the Presbyterian church, have made immense strides in the last twenty years and have outgrown Jackson and Bridgewater with their endless and cloying processions of thirds and sixths. I know of libraries in churches of all these denominations which are models of correct taste and judgment, as far as the financial and artistic abilities of the choirs will allow. Most of the larger Anglican churches have recently selected collections of anthems and services to which no exception can be taken, and from which the Sunday services are now chosen. At the Metropolitan Church there is now a collection of nine large bound volumes of such music, which is always referred to by the smaller Methodist churches when a new collection is made. Those who know the battle that Mr. Torrington so bravely fought here for the last eighteen years in the cause of classical music, will easily guess whether the Metropolitan collection is the "vilest," "most miserable" and "most wretched."

Not only is the music in use at our principal churches distinctly good and meritorious, but those very churches are endeavoring to widen its influence and popularity by frequent musical services, which do more good than can possibly be attained by wild assertions in a musical journal. From three such services, which take place within a few days of this date, I select a few titles which are practical and effective confutations of the sweeping statements in the *Herald*: Garrett's Praise the Lord, Tozer's Cantate Domino (*sic*), Stainer's Ye Shall Dwell, Watson's Praise the Lord, Lydenham's Great is the Lord, Tours' While the Earth Remaineth, and Blessing, Glory, Wisdom and Thanks, Tours' Evening Service, Best's Evening Service. This does not look like such absolute musical degradation. No doubt in many churches there are stowed away in cupboards old and obsolete music which is of a low grade, and I am afraid that our commentator has stumbled across such and has taken *ab uno disco omnes* for his motto. But I can assure my readers that the work of regeneration in Toronto began long ago, years before the advent here of that writer whose experience of our work and life and striving is limited in both time and scope. This is abundantly proven by the programmes of Christmas and Easter music sung in our churches and published in our journals from time to time during the last eight years.

An interesting service of song was held on Wednesday evening at the Church of the Redeemer. Miss Evelyn Severs was in fine voice and gave a very sympathetic and artistic rendering of Waud's O Love Divine; and Mr. Harold Jarvis sang Total Eclipse in extremely artistic style to which he added a fine robust rendition of Rawling's Kingof Kings, selections well adapted to display his fine voice and talent. Mr. Schuch sang Lord God of Abraham from the Elijah. In the Batiste Andantino and Vieuxtemp's Reverie, Mr. Torrington showed graceful and elegant treatment, somewhat hampered by the limits of the organ. His playing of the Meyerbeer Processional March was especially effective. Miss Florence Clarke gave a very scholarly rendering of Bach's G Minor fugue. A fitting opening was Guilmant's Pastorale, excellently played by Mr. Guiseppi Dinelli, organist of the church. The choir of about forty voices sang very well, the anthems being rendered with crispness and attention to detail, with solos by Miss Annie Langstaff and Mr. J. Kidner.

A Harvest Thanksgiving service will be held in the church of St. Simon on Tuesday evening next, October 14th, at 8 o'clock. The choir under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison will sing Tours' Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in F. and the Anthems White the Earth Remaineth, and Blessing, Glory, Wisdom and Thanks, by Tours. The service will be full choral eversong and the Rev. Canon Dumoulin will be the preacher.

The attractions of Signor Rubini's concert on Tuesday evening next have been further enhanced by the engagement of Mr. Giuseppi Dinelli, who will play several violoncello solos in that occasion.

An interesting musical event next week will be the invitation piano recital of Miss M. Irene Gurney at Association Hall on Thursday evening next. She will be assisted by Mr. Charles Kaiser, the tenor who sang at the last Philharmonic concert, and by Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, Mr. August Andersen, Mr. Ernst Mahr and Mr. F. H. Torrington. A tasteful programme has been issued, with copious analytical notes, the selection of pieces being well designed to show within a limited space the scope of Miss Gurney's talent. She will play Schumann's At Night, op. 12, No. 5; A Nocturne, op. 23, No. 4, by the same composer; the Schubert-Liszt Soiree de Vienne, No. 6; Bendel's arrangement of the prize song from Die Meistersinger, and Macdowell's Witches Dance. In addition to these solo pieces Miss Gurney will take part in the Beethoven quartette in E flat, op. 16, and in Chopin's Introduction and polonaise for piano and cello, op. 3.

A great treat is in store for the opera lovers of Toronto. On Monday week the Emma Juch Opera Company, composed of eighty singers, with an orchestra of thirty musicians, will open a short season at the Academy of Music. Miss Juch has long been an acknowledged favorite in Toronto, and the announcement of the repertoire to be performed here should draw large houses. The first opera will be Lohengrin, in which Miss Juch will appear in one of her most successful roles, that of Elsa. The other operas are Rigoletto Fra Diavolo and Les Hugnenots, the last named being now performed for the first time in Toronto.

A class in the teaching of Public School reading was opened with gratifying success by Mr. S. H Clark, lecturer in elocution at Trinity and McMaster universities, at the Conservatory on Saturday morning last, and its object being to meet the wants of Public School teachers in this branch of education it is destined to become a popular movement. On October 1 the Conservatory orchestra, under the leadership of Giuseppi Dinelli, commenced its practices for the season, and did good work. In order to make these as successful as possible endeavors are being made to secure the various parts, and all who desire to become members may yet have an opportunity of joining.

The Toronto Choral Society commenced its rehearsals for the season on Tuesday evening in the lecture room of the Association Hall, under the direction of Mr. Edward Fisher. The works finally selected for study are Hoffman's Melusina, Brahm's Song of Destiny—both new in Toronto—and Eaton Faning's Song of the Vikings, all with orchestral accompaniment. A gratifying attendance of old members as well as a considerable influx of new material was present. This society, also, has adopted the wise plan of limiting its chorus to one hundred and fifty singers, which will be composed of picked voices. The committee reports a satisfactory number of subscribers already, so that the choral's prospects are very bright this season.

Miss Allie Lillie, a young pianist of talent and promise, has returned to Toronto from a two years sojourn in Leipsic, where she studied under Herr Zwintscher.

After the great financial success which has attended the singing of Master Blatchford Kavanagh—now alas! relegated to the territory of boys with that most uncomfortable attachment a break in his voice—it is only natural that imitators of that youth should be found. It is equally natural that in a large country like the United States some of these imitators should possess both the voice and the natural musical talent to make them share the distinction with Kavanagh of being "phenomenal boy singers." From the press accounts which have reached me of young Eddie Leo's singing, it may safely be inferred that he is a worthy follower in the footsteps of his predecessor. His is a treble voice, not an alto like Kavanagh's, and he sings a repetoire as extensive and as varied as that of the other lad. At the concerts here on the 28th and 29th he will sing such well-known and exacting selections as Angels Ever Bright and Fair, With Verdure Clad, Ernani Involanis, the Freischutz Prayer, and I Know That My Redeemer Liveth, with a host of lesser pieces. One praiseworthy fact in this connection is the announcement that young Leo will sing in public only this one year. There can be no doubt that Kavanagh was worked too late to the possible detriment of his future voice.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

In *Lippincott's Magazine* Edward Fuller takes the American public to task for its taste in dramatic affairs. Writing of the kind of plays produced in America he says: "Judging the profession by the average of its members, the fact remains that poets and critics and novelists make less money than playwrights make; and yet we have more good poems and more good essays and more good novels than we have good plays. It is obvious, then, that the question of money is not the reason for the failure of our drama as a vital force of art. Nor is that failue due to any lack of material. The Society of American Dramatic Authors, as I have said, will have no difficulty in finding persons eligible for membership, although their names may be unfamiliar to the general public. Furthermore, the plays that have never been produced are probably as many as the novels that have never been published. One New York manager confesses to having read and rejected seven thousand manuscripts. It is impossible to believe that all the seven thousand were worse than some of the pieces which have run hundreds of nights, and still retain one's respect for the human intellect. That condition of mind in which a writer can get below the level of 'Natural Gas' or 'We, Us & Co.' would offer a curious opportunity for pathological investigation. I do not know how many new plays are produced at English and American theatres in a year. Two facts, however, will help us to make a rough estimate. The most important of these is that the theatrical business has grown to enormous proportions: in the United States alone there are probably something like three hundred travelling companies. The other fact is that the great majority of these companies give employment to modern playwrights. It might naturally be imagined that under such conditions as these the drama would be in a state of growth rather than in a state of decay. But few of the plays which are thus written and produced have any serious value. They are pot-boilers, pure and simple, and they smell riley of the pot. Moreover, such of them as may have been intelligently conceived and deftly constructed in the first place have been sacrificed to the exigencies of the moment. There may be a suspension bridge, or a steam engine, or a yacht, or other mechanical device, about which some scene must be written; there may be an actor whose personal eccentricities must be taken into consideration. All this is merely writing to order, and is more a commercial than an artistic matter.

"This inferiority in our modern English plays does not necessarily imply an inferiority in natural ability on the part of the playwrights. In originality, in freshness of treatment, in literary skill, and, above all, in stage technique, they are, it is true, immensely inferior to the French writers, and even to some of the German writers; but yet in those who show the least amount of training there are flashes of genuine power. Our drama, indeed, affords in the main a painful example of wasted energy, of talent in the rough, so to speak, which the fortunate possessor does not know how rightly to cultivate. The lack of training of which I have spoken is one reason for this. But a more important (in my mind an overshadowing) consideration is the state of the public taste. Water cannot rise higher than its source, and the drama cannot be sustained above the heads of those to whom it makes appeal. We Americans like slang and vulgarity and horseplay; and this is what we get on the stage. We sympathize with tawdry sentiment and cheap pathos; and so we have it served to us, with a native or a foreign label. I do not know that our playwrights are altogether to blame. It is well enough to remember the demands of art; but the demands of bread-and-butter—such is our human weakness—have the first claim. Only the fortunate few can live to write; others must write to live. Thus it is that literature in any form is in the main a reflection of the public taste. If, then, our dramatic literature be poor and bad—and persons think it so poor and so bad that it does not deserve to be considered as literature at all—the primary explanation is found in the intellectual apathy of theatrical audiences."

M. B. Curtis as Meyer Petousky in The Shatchen is of course the central figure in the play which has held the Academy boards during the week. The Shatchen is Sam'l of Posen in another suit of clothes—the pattern a trifle louder, but that is all. The plot of the play—is there one?—would seem to be that Leo Lewis, a rich Jewish clothier's son, has married a daughter of the Gentiles without his father's knowledge. Various complications at once ensue, Leo's father-in law, with whom is entrusted the investments of the firm of Lewis & Son, proves recreant to his trust, and when Lewis *pater* finds out that it is this man's daughter his son has secretly married the Hebrew somewhat naturally cuts up rough and refuses all further intercourse with hus'and, wife and father-in-law—even the baby is included in the bill of costs. And just here is where Curtis gets all his fine work in. What with his manie for cigars, matrimonial agencies, and the soft snaps he is continually offering his friends the Shatchen is most successful in keeping his audience on uncommonly good terms with himself and the balance of his company. Laura Biggar as Fanny Morton, an adventuress, was very good at times, but her conception of the character smacked a trifle too much of the thrilling Ha! Ha! female villain. Mary Mills as Edith Nickerson was a genuinely sweet little youthful mother, and bright and sparkling in a kittenish sort of way was Gertrude Dawes in the character of Alice Nickerson. As a matter of fact the women pan out better than the men in this play, leaving out M. B. Curtis, of course. But one should not criticise a play of this kind. One goes to get a good, hearty laugh at incongruous absurdities, and in the Shatchen, as presented by M. B. Curtis, folks are never disappointed.

De Mille & Belasco's society drama, The Wife, was presented again at the Grand Opera House during the first half of the week. As I considered this play at some length on the occasion of its first presentation here last season I shall not repeat what I then said. The play is full of dramatic feeling, humorous enough to be bright and affecting enough to awaken more serious emotions. The company which presented The Wife this week is scarcely up to the standard of last season's company, headed by Marie Hubert Frohman. Still, it is not a company of sticks by any means. Miss Charlotte Tittel, who played last season with E. H. Sothern in Lord Chumley, is leading lady in this company. Her presentation of the part of Helen Truman was forceful and animated. Her emotional work was excellent and worthy of the enthusiastic reception it received. Miss Jeanette Lowerie, in the soubrette role of Kitty Ives was piquant and attractive. Mr. William F. Clifton was rather mature and reposeful for the part of the U. S. Senator, but there was no repose in Mr. W. A. Sand's impersonation of the stormy Major Putnam.

Everybody knows the Hanlon Brothers and the kind of show they travel with. Fantasma was always a good drawing attraction in Toronto. This year they are traveling with a new piece known as Superba, on which they have been engaged for years. It is said to be a marvel of intricate and ingenious stage mechanism, presenting pictures startling, beautiful and intensely ludicrous. The action of the piece is said to be not unlike Fantasma, only that it is entirely new throughout. Superba will be presented at the Grand Opera House next week opening Monday night.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's opera house a vaudeville company, traveling under the name of Our American Stars, has been playing all week to good business. The performances is wholly made up of specialties, some of which are excellent from an acrobatic point of view. Some of the singing and dancing are fairly good, and on the whole the performance given is interesting.

On Tuesday evening Miss Alexander gave her annual dramatic recital in Association Hall before a crowded and appreciative house. This charming young *artiste* has seldom appeared to greater advantage, her efforts showing that she has during the past year not only increased her repertoire but her artistic skill. Her dramatic power was clearly evinced in her rendering of the Roman Soldier and the Royal Bowman. In the Honeymoon and Jenk's Phonograph her humorous qualities shone out and Our Christmas was a charming bit of child dialect. Miss Alexander excels in rendering the tongue of the Lowland Scotch and the only old piece on her programme was worthy of insertion in Kennedy's Two Scotch Courtships, which produced an encore and a magnificent bouquet. From this performance of Toronto's young elocutionist and she splendid reception she received her popularity and skill have become permanent factors in what promises to be a brilliant career.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Poor old Boucicault. All his life he was Dion, and now he's dead.

A French writer states that as many as seven plays have been written on the subject of Cleopatra.

A Western paper says that when Bernhardt plays in Ouida's new drama an iron stage with asbestos scenery will be necessary.

At the Madison square garden. Schnelgelheimer (excitedly)—Dat mut simfony vas grant—beuteful. Ottersplel (interrupting)—Magneficent—splendud! Both (calmly)—Zwei beer.

Mr. Labouchere, attending recently to the controversial Robert Buchanan—whose last syllable of name is suggestive of fight—said: "Mr. Buchanan reminds me of that indefatigable public entertainer who goes about the streets clashing, and beating and shaking and blowing, and rub-a-dubbing six or seven instruments at once. The result in both cases is an indescribable din, which very soon develops into an intolerable nuisance."

Art and Artists.

The Ontario Society of Artists held an important meeting in their rooms on Tuesday evening. Mr. W. Revell, vice-president, presided. The report read by R. F. Gagen, secretary, showed that the society is in excellent financial standing. The headquarters of the society for the winter will be the Toronto Art Gallery, where literary entertainments, etc, will be given. Messrs. J. Massey, W. A. Sherwood and G. A. Reid were appointed a committee to manage this club.

An excellent exhibit of pictures was given by Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles at his studio on Jarvis street last Friday and Saturday. Mr. Knowles is one of our most promising water color painters. Though a young man, some of his work already shows a rare degree of skill, taste and power.

Mr. Paul Peel was in town this week arranging for an exhibition of his works, which will be held at Oliver, Coate & Co.'s rooms on October 13, 14 and 15.

The Art Students' League began work on Monday evening.

The Architectural Sketch Club held its first meeting for the season on Monday evening last. VAN.

The Maid Knew Him.

Mistress (to her maid)—Did any one call during my absence, Marie?

Marie—Yes, madame; Monsieur Pommier.

Mistress—Monsieur Pommier? I don't know such a man.

Marie—I know him, madame. He came to see me.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Peanut Wedding.

(TO BE READ IN THE HELPAST VERNACULAR.)

For Saturday Night.

There's far too much advice about the way we ought to marry
For no matter what you follow likely lands you in a hole,
And heaps of decent couples that are going to old Harry,
Are spoiled by friend's advice, upsetting notions, and the Bowl.
For advice, I listen freely, and I do what I think proper,
And I never drank that much but you could stick it in your eye;
As for pride I take a fortune for a fortune—gold or copper—
And for rank—well Pollie thinks there's none can stand with Sam McKay.

Some folks believe this life is only one of many threads!
On the strands of life and death like sleep and waking day by day,
And the friends that we have gathered, and the wives that we have wedded,
Just old acquaintance newly dressed in fashionable clay.
If it's true that we're rewarded here for foregone deeds and doings
'Twould be only fair and square and make it worth your while to try,
'Twould explain a lot to know we're only supping our own brewings,
And maybe tell why Pollie Grey is Mrs. Sam McKay.

Her friends were in a better way of doing than my father's,
And the time I saw her first was running barefoot on the street;
I told my ma I'd marry her, but all I got was "Blathers;
"A boy like you had better think of working for his meat."
Thirteen I was; the last five years my uncle had me school-ing
At the Ballymena Model till it happened him to die;
I had to leave it for Belfast, but spite of lots of fooling
There was only Harry Kennedy ahead of Sam McKay.

I used to go to church to see her sitting there forenent me,
So she grew from eight to twenty and I came to twenty-five;
And though I sparked a lot of girls, and had it laid against me,
It never altered Pollie Grey with all they could contrive.
Of course she was a teacher and a good deal set above me,
But she went with me to Bangor once—my heart was in the sky—
And round by Ballyholme she let it out how much she loved me,
And she thought she'd do her best to make a man of Sam McKay.

Old country notions have it you must marry in your station,
Be it teacher and mechanic, or a princess and a peer,
So with that and slack employment I gave up my situation
And with Pollie's love and photograph I emigrated here.
Peanuts and luck befriended me and after five years' saving
I send her home her passage, and for all she'd want to buy;
So I met her on the Sarnia with her handkerchief awaving
And the Montreal good man and her soon married Sam McKay.

We came down the Thousand Islands in the steamer to Toronto
And I left the store to Billy for the balance of the week
I thought we'd see Niagara because I knew she'd want to
Before we set out searching for the sorrows we could seek.
We saw the whole belongings round that water always pouring,
And I couldn't sleep with listening to it never running dry,
And thinking of the waste of it, the dashing and the roaring,
'Twould turn my head to live at it as sure as I'm McKay.

But Pollie kissed me every night for bringing her to see it
The rainbow on the water-mist she said was worth God's while;
The water was a wonder but the Finger that could free it
Was the marvel far beyond them all—Niagara or the Nile!
I think she has more mind than me, or had more exercising,
For I'd rather hear a katy-did or see a strange bird fly,
Than spend my time with waterfalls and things as much surprising,
But that makes us complimentary, says Mrs. Sam McKay.

The places Captain Webb was in the guides were bound to show us
Till I wondered what they talked about before his foolish vow;
And we drove to see the Whirlpool boiling far away below us
Where I thought I saw a dog was drowned, but sure it was a cow.
And now we've seen it end to end I'm glad we're home in quiet,
And settled in our own wee house, with nothing for to sigh,
Away out near the Woodbine where land's cheap enough to buy it,
And friends are always welcome warm to Mrs. Sam McKay

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

In October.

For Saturday Night.

Afternoon of autumn lies a'tween me and the hill
Rising like a giant amethyst a mile away—
Dimmed by opal-tinted airs that intervene until
All looks like a cobweb mist of purple and of grey.

Lying where the pebbles sprinkle all the river sands
I can dip my fingers in the water warm and clear,
Watch the sunlight shimmer in the waves above my hands—
Watch a snowy little sail that lazily floats near.

Far beyond the flats where some are husking Indian corn,
I can see the oval, yellow stacks of straw uplift,
Hear the hum of threshing, for since early hours of morn
'Round the barns a cloud of amber chaff has been adrift.

Flocks of crows at random fly within the upward air,
Ebon tufts that dot the clouds athwart a pinkish sky,
Far away the stubble fields are stretching dun and bare,
Edged with golden rod and flecked with leaves a-blowing by.

Night comes stealthily and thieves the colors from the hill,
Nought she leaves upon its brow of amethyst or blue,
Day will soon be over, and the twilight grey and still
Whispers very gently that my dreamland darkens too.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

The Truth.

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still.
Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words,
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil.
Dull in our age, and passionate in youth;
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth;
Nor shall thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.

Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule;
Wisest is he who, never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better day by day;
To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

Noted People.

Poet Swinburne is described as "a little man with a big head."

Prof. Huxley's deafness is growing on him, and now when he attempts to speak at any length he becomes very tired and loses control of his voice.

Mr. Evans, George Eliot's brother, is so averse to visitors that he has nailed up even the gate to a field near the old house in which the gifted author lived.

Miss Amy Bell, a Newnham student, is the only woman stock-broker in London. She has been in business two years, is fairly successful, does no speculative business, has women clients chiefly, and has encountered neither prejudice nor opposition.

The biography of the late John Boyle O'Reilly will be written by James Jeffrey Roche, who has received the sanction of the family. Mr. Roche was for several years associated with Mr. O'Reilly as assistant in the conduct of the Boston *Pilot*, and has written verse himself.

Donald G. Mitchell, who has endeared himself to American and English readers as "Ik Marvel," is now sixty-eight years of age. He lives at Edgewood, his home since 1855, and which he has rendered famous by his Reveries of a Bachelor. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he is still engaged in literary work.

Edgar Fawcett says in his new book, How a Husband Forgave: Who are fools in life? The big throng that walk the old, rutted, beaten track. Who are the wise, the brave, the noble? Those who strike out a new road for themselves, thorny and hazardous, if you will, yet tending toward grander goals!"

Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet, is said to be the best amateur photograper in America. Her favorite field of operation is along the Massachusetts coast, and her snap shots there, taken in the stormiest weather, are attracting the attention of publishers; her illustrated storms will be a feature of a new book of sea-songs.

Lady Randolph Churchill, while best known as a beauty and a Dame of the Primrose League, is so good a musician and so clever an artist that she declares herself able to earn her own living, if need were, by teaching music or painting. Notwithstanding the endless social claims on a woman of fashion, she has always kept up her practice in both accomplishments

Walt Whitman is popularly thought to have no sense of humor, but the other day a young man dropped in upon him at his humble home in Camden, N. J., introduced himself as a poet, and begged to be allowed permission to read selections from a bundle of manuscripts which he carried. "No, thank you," said Walt, courteously but firmly, "I have been paralyzed twice."

Twenty years ago this winter Adelina Patti, in the prime of her youth, beauty, and genius, took St. Petersburg captive, and received the coveted decoration of the Order of Merit from the Emperor's own hand. She will soon return there to give twelve farewell appearances, for which she will receive $60,000, besides a special free railway train and all expenses for herself and her suite.

The present pope has caused the Borgia Galleries in the Vatican, which have long been unknown to Europe except by repute, to be opened to the public. In olden times, these interesting rooms were much frequented by the popes and often used for residences. As Pope Pius had about eleven thousand other rooms in the Vatican for accommodation of his papal dignity, it is not strange that these had fallen into disuse.

Colonel T. W. Higginson says of himself that the printers' ink in his blood is really three hundred years old, his first American progenitor, Rev. Francis Higginson of Salem, having come to America about 1629, and published a book, New England's Plantation, which is still reprinted. At Harvard College Colonel Higginson's literary training was committed to Professor Edward Channing, the admirable teacher who instructed so many good writers, including Emerson, Motley, Holmes, Edward Everett Hale and others.

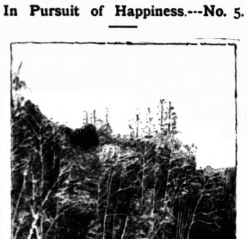
It is not generally remembered that the Princess Louise of Wales and her husband, the Duke of Fife, are distant cousins, the disparity of rank between them being more apparent than real. The Duchess is the grandniece of King William IV., and the Duke the great-grandson of that slow witted sailor-king and the bewitching Mrs. Jordan, queen of comedy, who accepted her royal lover when he was dissolute, undesired, uninteresting Duke of Clarence, and remained faithful to him, even after his cruel desertion of her.

Mrs. Grant has all the love letters written to her by the general, then Lieut. Grant. Of them, Mrs. Grant says: "My soldier lover was in and about Mexico for four years, including the war. Every mail brought me a letter—every one of them full of sweet nothings, love and war, and now and then some pressed leaves and flowers. Some were written on drumheads captured from the Mexicans and others on sheets of foolscap, folded and sealed with wafers. I read each one every day until the next one came. I have them all."

Mme. Minnie Hauk is unusually fond of pets. At one time her husband, the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg, brought home from South America a remarkably tame parrot, which he introduced into the drawing-room in a closely covered cage. He then asked his wife to sing something for him, which she readily did, and was amazed to hear a voice from the hidden cage say: "Bravo, Minnie Hauk! That is perfectly charming!" At her Swiss home, the great singer is constantly surrounded by pigeons, that eat from her hand, perch on her shoulder and even take a bath in her toilet pitcher unrebuked.

It is said that Gen. Sherman was largely responsible for the feeling that obtained for a long while in the army against newspaper correspondents. Gen. McClellan always welcomed them. Burnside was as gallant and courtly a man in his tent as in his home in Washington. Meade, although a strict disciplinarian, understood and recognized to the limit the duties of other men under discipline. Grant for a long time was averse to entertaining correspondent, but his rare common sense came to his relief, and, under proper, legitimate and absolutely welcome restrictions, correspondents found themselves always at home where Grant was in command.

In Pursuit of Happiness.---No. 5.



On Saturday morning all our camp belongings were in the canoes and we left the head of Long Portage for the longest unbroken trip in the whole length of the river Nepigon, excepting perhaps the one over Lake Helen to Camp Alexander. After a mile or so of river we reached Lake Jessie and throughout its length we trolled steadily without striking a fish. The lake is quite a large one and on a windy day the whitecaps work up very quickly and make the voyage more or less dangerous. After about five miles of peaceful water and rough, tree-clad shore, we entered the narrows, and by hugging the shore and poleing the canoes around points where the current was swift, we reached Lake Maria. I don't know who named these lakes, probably somebody with a big family of old-fashioned girls, for there is Lake Helen, Lake Jessie, Lake Maria, Lake Emma, Lake Hannah and a lot more outlying sheets of water which we did not visit. The trip over Lake Jessie was a repetition of the one preceding it, and as we re-entered the river and made our way to Split Rock Portage the banks grew lofty and precipitous and the voice of the Genius as he experimented with the echoes, reverberated from cliff to cliff. As we swung around the curves the banks must have been three or four hundred feet high. Cedars growing from the crevices were hanging head downwards from little galleries of rock immediately in front of us, the water falling into steep rapids and roaring loudly. On either side stood the perpendicular banks of Split Rock, crowned with trees which had never been touched by the hand of man, as there seems no possible means of climbing the precipices. The right hand bank, as you go up the river, is strewn with broken rock from which, in good seasons, there is splendid fishing; but those who seek sport on that inhospitable shore, must be prepared for the most wearisome and dangerous climbing. On the left bank the foot of the portage is not very easy of access, as the spray from the rapids will almost drench one as the Indians, who are wonderfully expert in propelling the canoe between the swirling eddies, finally swing easily and safely to the shore. We all fished with all our might and nobody caught anything, and after a short portage had been made, we had a good dinner in one of the most delightful little bowers imaginable. The bay at the head of Split Rock Portage is one of the wildest and most charming pieces of scenery to be found in America, and as we paddled up the river through an open space which is almost worthy the name of lake, towering banks of most fantastic shapes stand sentry over fishing grounds where Mackinaw trout are often caught weighing fifteen and twenty pounds, and where it is not an unusual thing to catch brook trout from five to six pounds. There are pike and maskinonge also in the lakes and little bays, but though we trolled and trailed our flies we caught nothing. The rest of the party had been consoling Riley and me with assurances, that when we got up the river we would have our turn. As day after day slipped past we had the same bad luck, and it had a very depressing effect on our spirits, and we quoted and requoted the observation of Alice in Wonderland, that it was "always jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day." Even at the foot of Island Portage, the best fishing ground in the river, we got nothing, though the Genius and Pa. both made a little catch and the Professor hooked one.

Tomsing told us that the camping ground at Cable's Pool was about three or four hundred yards up the trail. Tomsing, as a rule, could be believed, but on distances his memory was uncertain. Deluded by the idea of nearness Riley and I took a considerable load, and as we stumbled over rocks, walked on boulders, and bridged a marshy spot on poles and climbed a hill up through a clearing where there may once have been a cabin, we perspired and he made harmless ejaculations, and I repeated a few unobjectionable cuss words with regard to Tomsing's lack of sense in telling us that it was only a quarter of a mile when surely it must be a mile and a half. We found the camp at last and it was a charming spot, a grove of jack-pines and silver poplars on a bluff overlooking one of the prettiest pools in the river, the rapids roaring above and below and the whitecaps in the half light making the river look like a field of snowy blossoms. There was a rude table erected there already and the bed-logs cut, within which our men piled spruce boughs a couple of feet high. We fished there on Saturday night and caught nothing—another case of "jam to-morrow," but to-morrow happened to be Sunday and we did not fish, that is to say the rest of them did not. I made a quiet trip to a big rock which was said to be a fortunate place, but, as before, caught nothing. I formed the brethren into a class in the afternoon and questioned them on the International Sunday school lesson which happened to refer to the prodigal son. We had a very pleasant time over it. We decided amongst us that in the story of the prodigal the most striking saying, that is, the phrase which means most, in the history of ordinary humanity was, "and when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land." It seems to me in the whole Bible there is not a better description of a wrecked life than this. It is not as if the rich were the only ones who had an "all" to spend. Everyone of us starts in with a big fund of some sort which we are apt to dissipate. We have youth with its gorgeous promises, its almost unlimited possibilities, and we spend them both in just the same fool way that the senseless boy spends his patrimony when horse jockeys, scarlet women and gamblers rob him of it in a few short months. We can squander the faith we have in humanity on worthless people, and in fact it is easy to pour out the whole capital of youth, hope, health, everything, on worthless objects. Everybody has all this to spend whether it be much or little, whether it be money or brains, hope or health, faith or fancy, and everybody spends either much or all of it, and to everyone comes the period which came to the prodigal, when they feel that they "have spent all and that a mighty famine has arisen in the land." I imagine that money is the least of the things which people stricken with heart famine feel that they have spent. We can feel this dreadful famine when our pockets are filled with money if our hearts are empty of hope. I cannot imagine a sense of desolation overpowering a man simply because he is poor. Money is the easiest thing in the world to get, at least enough of it for one's absolute necessities. If health has been ruined in folly or a reputation has been blasted through vice or crime, there seems to be no remedy and it is then indeed that one feels most overwhelmingly that a mighty famine has come upon the land. In a famine a man looks into the face of another and sees there starvation, hopelessness, helplessness, an awaiting for the end, the terrible end to come. So amongst men, and women, too, I suppose, when everything has been done up or trodden upon in the race for pleasure and excitement, we turn and look in the faces of those who have been with us in this wanton destruction of everything we should have preserved, and no eye reflects hope for to-morrow, not a voice can tell us where some little thing has been stored upon which our hungry souls might sustain themselves for an hour. We have ceased to believe in virtue, and goodness, and piety, in the Hereafter, in everything, and there is the soul, famine-stricken, feeding upon the husks of what was once fruit. I never heard a preacher yet half tell the story of the soul which has been made to feel that a mighty famine has come upon the land in which it dwells.

On Monday we went down to the rapids below Island Portage and Riley and I had a great day. It was our "jam day." There was nothing in throwing our flies, but we had great luck in letting them trail down stream. He got eight and I got six—nice ones, too. The rest of them had poor luck, and perhaps Riley and I didn't do a little blowing when we got back! We couldn't help it. We had been traveling in hard luck too long to hold our peace when we had the biggest basket in the lot. Next day Riley stayed in camp. I like Riley. He was easily satisfied. When a man is fishing with me he has to be of that sort or be in a state of continual discontent for luck does not come to my comrades as a rule any more than to myself. Pa. went with me that day. We went down to the old grounds below the Island Portage while Tomsing, the Genius and the Professor waded down the river. I began trailing my line with indifferent success. One of my Indians took my Devon and let it run out. Very soon he hauled in a big trout. During the afternoon I had caught but two and yet he had scarcely taken the first one off before he had a second on his lure. I couldn't let a hireling have all the fun like this and so took the Devon myself, lending him my nice blue phantom minnow. I caught a fish and he also caught one, but Pa was disconsolate. He caught nothing. It was getting late and Martin suggested that we try the foot of the rapids. Going up there I caught a fine big fish and I had a lovely fight with him. He ran down stream like a race horse. I brought him nearly in, but had only seen his nose before away he went again. Again and again he came up, and the reel whizzed and he was gone. The current was stiff and I toyed with this young fellow for about fifteen minutes before I got him. It was the most delightful struggle I had on the river. He only weighed a couple of pounds but he was a good fighter, and when I got him in, the piece of his mouth on which I had been pulling was found to be not thicker than a thread. Just as we got in the whitecaps I got another and landed him easily. A nice one he was too, and within twenty yards I had a third, but was too rash and he got away accompanied by an explosive swear from Martin. I had barely got the hooks of my Devon straightened and in the water before I had a fourth. I was getting excited. The fun was becoming fast and furious. I landed him but he was only a little one, a pound or a pound and a quarter. We floated down the rapids to the point of rocks and I landed another, a beauty this time. We turned and came up and I hooked another. He got away. I was too fresh. Pa. all this time had been trailing a red minnow. I told him to take my blue one, but he stuck to his old red one. In almost as little time as it takes to tell it I had taken three more, magnificent ones, too, that is for me, running from a pound and a half to two pounds and a half. Then Pa. took my blue minnow and threw it out in the shallow water right by the foot of the Little Falls. It was scarcely in that water before it was seized by a fish that seemed to be as big as a house. I pulled in my line and Martin got my landing net and just as truly as you live, on an eight ounce trout rod, Pa. landed a maskinonge that tipped the scale at twelve pounds and a half. When I got my gay blue minnow out of his mouth it was chewed beyond recognition and he ripped my landing net and played havoc generally with the tackle, but I was glad to see the daddy of our party in luck. We floated down the stream again and just as my bait was opposite the Point of Rocks I felt something take hold of it, and I knew it was no ordinary fish. It sank to the bottom of the river at once, and I squared my reel for a long run. For an instant there was no movement, but I pulled out an arm's length of line and held it steady. A second later it started, and away down the Nepigon it went, the reel singing the merriest tune that sportsman ever heard. I must have had forty yards of line on the reel when the race began. I whispered excitedly to Martin that I was afraid if I wanted to save anything but my tackle he would have to keep the canoe straight. The reel was still singing when all at once it stopped, the line slackened, the fish was gone, and I had ten yards of line still in hand. Slowly and sadly I reeled up the slack silk. The lower hooks had been bitten off my only Devon and my lucky bait was ruined. I felt sorry, too, to lose the fish which I reckon was a Mackinaw trout of fifteen or twenty pounds—they are sudden death on light tackle—and I went home with a meekness of spirit which would not have accompanied me if I had had another half hour's fishing with that bait, for I never saw anything take like it.

I think I succeeded in making Riley sorry he didn't come out with us. He said he had enjoyed himself very much, but after he heard me clucking around over those fish like an old hen with a brood of chickens, he looked lonesome. By and by the Professor arrived and he was a holy show. His clothes were ragged and his eyes stuck out, and a great flap which had been torn from his trousers fluttered in the wind as if he had been a tramp, but he had four big fish. Three of them weighed exactly three pounds and a quarter each, and the fourth one weighed three pounds. The Genius arrived with little or nothing soon after, and Tomsing after getting lost and wandering through the woods till about nine o'clock, made his appearance with nothing. The Genius had the lumbago, he always did have when he had no luck. The three of them had climbed the highest hills and waded the most awful parts of the river all day without making a strike. Tomsing broke the tip of his rod and when the Professor got tired out, not having had any luck, he lent his rod to Tomsing, took the broken one and wandered down the stream. After taking a hearty lunch of blue berries and lying in the grass till he was partly rested, it struck him he would cast his line from a flat rock which offered a very good fishing place. The fly was immediately seized and though the tip was broken the Professor struggled with his victim and by lying on his face on the rock managed to land him with his hands, not having a net. He was one of the three-and-a-quarter pounders. He tried again with the same fly, caught a second just the same way, then a third, which was also the same weight, and then a fourth, which was the three pounder. By this time he had gotten his clothes all torn, lying down and landing them with his hands, but such a streak of luck while the fishing was bad I never heard of. The Professor was as proud he could hardly speak, and I don't think till his attention was called to it he had noticed that his clothes were the least bit ragged.

Next morning when we moved camp I persuaded the Professor to carry the skeletons of his fish with him. We had the size and shape of one of them cut out in birch bark and this Pa. carried strapped on his trunk, but the Indians had slit the fish down the back, taken the meat off, leaving the heads, skeletons, and tails, intact. I told the Professor no one would believe him if he told about trout of that size in Toronto. The only way to convince people would be to take the skeletons home with him. He, guileless man, was impressed by the force of the argument. We started from camp next morning with the Professor loaded up with three great big fish skeletons. The day was hot and towards night there began to be an odor and the Professor laid his fish down and forgot to find them when we made a new start. Riley, however, handed them back to him an hour later and told him to be sure and not lose them, we wanted to show them when we got home. The Professor pretended to be glad to get them back but I don't believe he was.

DON.

A Reverie.

For Saturday Night.

In a corner stands a graveyard hardly known,
Where the only requiems sung, are sung alone
By the long dry grass of summer as it nods
O'er the dead that peaceful sleep beneath the sods
Of mother earth.

All the fever'd pulse of life—and life's mad rush
Soon are soothed away to silence in the hush
That holds entranced it's city of the dead,
Proclaimed by crumbling stone and mossy bed
Necropolis.

And when the God-given mantle of the night
Steals o'er its tombs of marble, spotless white,
I see in it a city filled with life
Too true, too real, for any earthly strife
To enter in.

H. SILONE.

'Varsity Chat.

The first issue of the *'Varsity* has appeared. The hearty reception which it has received augurs well for its future success, and the editors and associate editors now put on their hats with a shoe horn. The articles are written in a light and lucid style.

*

With what awe and mystic reverence must the students approach the dean's residence for in that quiet nook Sir Daniel Wilson, Prof. Hutton, Mr. Fairclough, Mr. Dale, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Ballard, Prof. Baker and the Registrar have their rooms. Just imagine a freshman breaking his way, into the midst of a learned discussion by this circle, to inquire as to the effect of supplemental examinations. It would be a sudden transition indeed from the sublime to the ridiculous.

*

The members of the medical faculty are profiting by the example which the students in arts set the whole world two years ago by abolishing hazing. The men of potion and pill have issued a notice forbidding the process of "elevating" by which the freshmen were each year skied as ruthlessly as chromos in an art gallery. So are perishing without one word of sorrow or regret old customs that always existed on sufferance.

*

Within a year our old college will be restored. Here and there it will assume a new style of dress, but the form that has charmed the heart and delighted the eye of many a student will still remain. When we pass down the corridor next year we shall be able to realize the fact that a good building is as necessary to the life of a college man as a professor in Oriental literature. The tall chimney over the engine-house will not occupy so distinguished a position as it does now. The boilers will be placed at the north-west corner of old Convocation Hall, and the chimney will be built within the wall.

*

Principal Galbraith of the School of Practical Science has had the pleasure of seeing the accommodation for the students increased four times over within the last year. The new additions are now almost complete, and the whole edifice is so set apart as to be well adapted for the purpose for which it was designed.

*

'Varsity expects her football teams to do their duty this year as they have done in the past. There is no place where a student who loves to breathe the free air of heaven can show to better advantage than on our lawn. Then so many visitors drive by that the vigorous youth has no lack of admirers. The lawn, too, is so sweet that it is a delight for him to step sprightly over the green sward.

*

Rev. W. W. Campbell the Lake poet visited the 'Varsity this week. He has recently been visiting his friends in the County Bruce, where they honored his presence by tendering him a banquet at Wiarton.

DRAX ALEEN.

A Traveler's Life is the Life for Me.

DEAR SIR,—I want to be a commercial traveler. Am advised by the storekeeper we deal with at the Corners to write to you.

I can do most anything; have worked on a farm, taught school, helped to run a threshing machine; last winter I was agent for fruit trees and fanning mills. I have also worked in a cheese factory and grocery store. I have tended bar and can sing a good song, play the mouth organ and dance better than any boy in the township. I can talk like greased lightning and can sell any blamed thing, fresh or pickled, dead or alive.

Commercial travelers have such a jolly time—always happy—riding on the trains, driving through the country, living on the best in the land—that's the life for me. If you can get me a job I'll never forget you.

Yours truly,
ISAIAH JOHN HOBBS.

Well, Isaiah John, I am not going to touch this affair of yours. I have half a dozen similiar letters unanswered—I'll tell you why.

I got a general purpose man a job—like you he could do it in 2.40. He could do anything from making gin cocktails to evangelizing the heathen. He also thought the traveler's life was all cake and elderberry wine. He started out with a new suit, red rock tie, patent leather boots and kid gloves. His samples were a full line—pickles, blacking, brooms, brushes, clothes lines and wash tubs. His business card was printed in gilt letters *Mr. Erastus Balaclava Jones.* At the end of his second week on the road it was "Dennis."

His first day was a blank, the second day he was driving through the mud and the rain all day—sold a dozen of pickles and quarter-dozen washtubs—that night he got "fullernagoat." The third day he found the roads almost axle deep in mud. One customer was away from home, another was mad at the firm for drawing on him, tried to fire Jones out. Jones got a black eye, and spoiled his good clothes. Another man from whom he had to collect $25.00 had sold out and skipped. These things drove Jones to drink. At the end of a week he sent in a hundred dollars worth of orders, but no money. The house wrote to ask where he was, what he was doing, and intimated that if he was that kind of a man he had better come home. Poor Jones was now between the devil muddy roads and the deep sea. He began to feel what a jolly life the traveler had. He found it wasn't all riding on the trains, plum cake and elderberry wine.

Trade went from bad to worse. The rain poured down day after day. He got downhearted—went on a regular jamboree—sold his samples to pay his hotel bill, took to the woods and has never heard of since.

MARK STAY.

Literary Notes.

Admiral David D. Porter concludes his paper on President Lincoln's Entry into Richmond in October *Belforde.* A Comedy of Errors, Foreclosed, The Quick Sands of Toro and other short stories from good authors are worth perusal. The Humors of a Texas Steer are told by James Steele. Donn Piatt concludes his article on John C. Fremont, and the poetry and miscellany are well up to the mark.

The *Atlantic* for October is up to its usual standard of excellence. Its leading articles are Altdorf and the Landesgemendie of Uri by W. D. McCracken, Henrik Ibsen: His Life Abroad and Later Dramas by E. P. Evans, A Wandering Scholar of the Sixteenth Century by J. Rikke Paulsen, Benedict Arnold's Treason, St. John Fiske and Hexameter's and Rhythmic Prose by George Herbert Palmer. Besides the regular serials and Dr. Holmes' breezy chat. Sara Orne Jewett contributes a delightful short story of New England country life entitled By the Morning Boat.

The Fall of Man and Anthropology is further discussed by Dr. Andrew D. White in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October. In this article he reviews the futile efforts of Archbishop Whately and the Duke of Argyll to prove that the lowest races of men have sunk from an ancient civilization and the equally successful attempts of certain church organizations in recent years to silence professors of science who were teaching the truths of evolution.

The success of the small cameo edition of Reveries of a Bachelor and Dream Life, issued by the Scribners last fall, has warranted them in bringing out Thomas Nelson Pages In Ole Virginia and George W. Cable's Old Creole Days, in the same dainty and attractive form. The volumes will contain etchings and are printed from new plates on a fine quality of paper.

The Scottish Canadian is the title of a new venture in local journalism. It is published by Imrie & Graham and aspires to occupy the same position to Scotchmen and their descendants in Canada that the Scottish American of New York does to their brethren across the line. It is neat in appearance and should appeal to the inborn loyalty of the Scots in such a way as to insure success.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. LAWRENCE'S FATE IS DECIDED.

Mr. Lawrence had fully intended to have his fate decided before he returned to New York, but amid the gayety of the last few weeks he had found no favorable opportunity to open his heart to Violet.

The second week in October found them settled once more in their delightful home on Fifth avenue, whereupon Violet insisted upon immediately beginning her regular work again. She felt almost guilty to have had such a long play-time, and was very eager to make up for it in some way; so she rigidly enforced her authority, and Miss Bertha was soon immersed in history, music, arithmetic, and other studies which had been so long dropped.

Mr. Lawrence also had considerable to attend to directly after his return, and for a few weeks his family scarcely saw him except at dinner time and during the evening.

One day, however, Bertha was not quite well, and did not make her appearance at the table, having retired before her father's return, and Mr. Lawrence and Violet became deeply interested in a discussion over an article on art which appeared in a popular magazine. Violet became so animated, and defended her position so earnestly and cleverly, that Mr. Lawrence prolonged the controversy just for the sake of listening to her, while Mrs. Davis was also highly entertained.

When at last they arose from the table, Mr. Lawrence remarked in a laughing way:

"Since you are so inspired with the spirit of art, Miss Huntington, I am going to ask you to come with me into the drawing-room, where I have something to show you."

"Have you been purchasing some pictures after the school which you have been so warmly defending?" inquired the young girl, with a mischievous glance, for she knew he had been arguing against his convictions.

"You shall see presently," the gentleman replied, as he preceded her to the elegant apartment on the opposite side of the hall.

He led her to the large bay window in the front and swept aside the rich lace curtains which had been drawn slightly forward to conceal something, when Violet uttered a cry of mingled delight and astonishment.

On each side of the window, at the base of the arch, and standing upon pedestals about a foot from the floor, was an exquisite statue, cut from purest Carrara marble.

"Oh, how beautiful they are," Violet said under her breath. "This," touching the figure on her right, "is a copy of Canova's Flora, and such a faithful one, too; and that," glancing at the one opposite, "is a copy of the celebrated Venus de Medici. How well I remember it. I can almost see it now as it stands in the room called the Tribuna, in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence."

"You are right," replied Mr. Lawrence, who was somewhat surprised that she should have recognized the subjects. "Is it possible that you have seen both of the originals?"

"Oh, yes, and I remember them because I made a note of them on account of their peculiar beauty. I suppose you have seen them also?" said Violet.

"Yes, several times, and these, as you say, are very faithful copies," Mr. Lawrence replied, adding: "When I was abroad two years ago, I left an order for the statues to be made, and they have but just arrived, owing to some unaccountable delay. You are the only person to whom I have shown them as yet."

"I feel highly honored; thank you," Violet said smiling; then observed, "and how nicely they fit into these niches; it seems as if they were really made for them. I think he was sure of fitting so completely the niche for which I was made," she concluded, gravely.

"What do you mean by that, Miss Huntington?" Mr. Lawrence asked, regarding her curiously.

Violet looked up, with a start.

"I did not mean to preach," she said, flushing. "At times I have an uncomfortable habit of uttering aloud some of my grave thoughts and speculations. Pray, pardon my absent-mindedness."

"But you have not told me what you meant," persisted her companion, determined to learn her meaning.

The flush on her cheek deepened. She felt sensitive about speaking her inmost thoughts to any one.

"I believe," she began, in a low, earnest tone, "that there is a special niche, made by God, for every human being, and I think we should be very careful to find it, in order to fulfil our mission in the world. I hope to find and fill mine some time; but it is difficult to tell just where one really belongs.

She was very grave and sweet as she said this, and Mr. Lawrence felt the charm of her presence and her loveliness as he had never done before.

He stood regarding her in silence a moment, then he leaned suddenly forward and, taking one small white hand in his, said, with tremulous earnestness:

"There is a niche in my heart, there is a niche in my home for you to fill, I love you, Violet. Will you be my wife, dear?"

A low cry of surprise and dismay broke from Violet's lips at this unexpected declaration and proposal.

It had come like a thunderbolt to her.

"Does was a moment of profound silence in the room after that cry; then she said, brokenly:

"I am afraid—I think—you cannot realize what you have been saying, Mr. Lawrence."

"Indeed I do, dear child," he returned, earnestly: "I fully realize the serious step which I have taken, for I have been contemplating it for months. It is impossible that I could have lived in the same house with you for a whole year, see you every day, study your character, mark your goodness of disposition and patience, and not learn to love you. While you have been devoting yourself so faithfully to my child, and thereby winning her heart, you have won mine also. Forgive me if I have startled you by this sudden declaration," he continued, as he noticed how she was trembling, "but I could wait no longer; I had to learn my fate. I know I am many years your senior, but my heart is not too old to love you with more of strength and tenderness than many a younger man would possess. Give me the right to shield and protect you in the future from every ill, from the need of toiling for yourself, and try to make your life one long day of sunshine and happiness. Grant me this boon, dear. I have led a lonely life for many years, with no loving companionship save what Bertha could give me, and now, oh, Violet, my heart yearns for you. Tell me that you will become my cherished wife, and thus the permanent companion of my child, who already loves you with her whole heart. My darling, will you?"

He paused and Violet felt as if she must be dreaming. She could not believe that this gravely matured man, who was so much older than she, would ask her, so young, so inexperienced, to be his wife, and she was filled with astonishment and dismay.

Mr. Lawrence, as a patron and friend, was delightful, to say nothing of his being so kind, so generous, and noble in every other relation.

But as a lover—a husband!—oh, no; she could not think of him as such for a moment, and instantly all the old love for Wallace came surging through her soul and asserting itself with a new power and intensity.

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence, why have you said this to me?" she cried, sorrowfully, and with a quivering lip. "I cannot—I cannot—"

"Nay, Violet, pray do not answer me so hastily," he interposed, gently, though his face paled at her words. "If I have been too abrupt, I can wait until you have time to consider the subject and be sure of your own mind."

"Time to think! could make no difference," Violet said, with a long-drawn sigh, "for I am sure now; I could never tell you anything different."

"Why, my dear?" he pleaded.

"Because I could not give you the affection which a wife should bear toward the man whom she marries," Violet replied, and seeming to live over all the pain and wretchedness of that other interview with Lord Cameron so long ago.

The strong man's lips trembled; his disappointment was very keen.

"And I have been hoping, during all these months, that you were learning to love me," he said.

"Oh, I have been," Violet burst forth, with something of her old-time impulsiveness, while the tears sprang into her eyes; "but—but not in that way. You have grown to seem like a dear father to me."

"A father!" repeated Mr. Lawrence, flushing at her words, an expression of chagrin sweeping over his face.

"Yes; you have been so kind to me—so thoughtful; you have planned so considerately for my comfort and pleasure, in a hundred ways, that I have come to regard you as elder or, perhaps, as an elder brother; but—but the thought of any nearer relationship has never occurred to me."

"But now that the suggestion has been made to you, could you not learn to love me as a wife should?" questioned Mr. Lawrence, anxiously.

"It would be impossible," said Violet, in a low, pained tone.

"Why? Is it because of the years that stand between us—because I seem too old to be a congenial companion to you?" he asked, sadly.

"Oh, no—I never have thought of you as being old, and I have been so happy here with you; but because—oh, Mr. Lawrence, I suppose I must tell you—"

Violet's voice broke, and her lips quivered, as the tide of her old sorrow rushed over her.

"You shall tell me nothing that gives you pain," Mr. Lawrence said, gently, as he saw her emotion.

"I must," she said, with a pathetic sob, for the grief in his face cut her keenly; "it is because my heart is full of—love for another."

The man started, and quickly dropped the hand that, until then, he had been holding in a lingering clasp.

"Are you pledged to another?" he asked, in a constrained, hopeless tone.

"No—no; not as you think—not as you mean, for he is dead," Violet whispered, shaking like a reed; "and yet I gave myself to him once—I belonged to him when he was here, and I can never give myself to any one else."

She bowed her face upon her locked hands and sobbed bitterly.

It almost seemed as if this confession had robbed her of her only friend, and her lonely and desolate condition oppressed her as it never had done before.

Mr. Lawrence stood silently regarding her a moment, an expression of keen sorrow and disappointment on his fine face; then a look of profound pity gradually superseded it.

He gently seated the young girl upon a sofa that stood near, and sitting down beside her, he said, in a tender, sympathetic tone, as he forever put away his own desire to win her for his wife:

"Violet, my poor child! I had no idea that you had known such sorrow. Tell me all about it—confide in me as you would confide in your own father, if he were living."

Violet lifted her tearful glance to him, and was deeply touched with the look of pity and fond concern which she saw written upon his face.

Her heart was very heavy with its newly aroused grief and with a poignant sense of the disappointment which, it was only too evident, he experienced in her rejection of him.

A great longing to have some faithful friend to lean upon in her trouble and loneliness came over her, and, with a sudden resolve, she poured forth her whole story to him. She told him of her first meeting with Wallace—of the frightful experience in the inclined plane car, and her subsequent illness; of the ripening of her acquaintance with her preserver during her sojourn in his home, and his final confession of love as they stood beside the casket of his mother. She spoke freely of the persistent opposition of her sister and her husband, and of their plot to separate her from her lover; but she did not mention the fact that she had been secretly married to him—somehow that experience seemed too sacred to be much talked about, and she always felt sensitive about mentioning it. She told him of her trip to Europe, of her meeting with Lord Cameron, of the news of Wallace's death and its consequences and, now, when she was weakened, both mentally and physically, by her illness, her sister had adroitly managed to involge her into an engagement with the young earl. Then, with a burning face and downcast eyes, she related how, as the time for their marriage drew near, her whole soul had revolted from the union, both upon his account and her own, because she could never love him as she ought, and she had, in an hour of desperation, fled to escape it only the night previous to the date set for the ceremony. She gave a graphic account of her strange adventure during her flight from Montreal, of her journey alone to Paris, and her residence there during the following four months, and also of her return to America. She hesitated a moment when she reached this point in her narrative, but finally, concluding that it would be best to keep nothing back, she went on to tell him of her unexpected meeting with her brother-in-law in the spring, when he had informed her of her supposed death and burial, with the thrilling circumstances attending it.

Mr. Lawrence listened with deep interest to the romantic story, the tender sympathy increasing in his heart throughout the recital, and upon its conclusion he said, with great kindness:

"My dear child, yours has indeed been a sadly checkered life for one so young, and I can understand how great your sufferings must have been, and how lonely and almost forsaken you must have felt, after cutting yourself off from the care and protection that had previously surrounded you. But," he continued, regarding her with wondering admiration, "you have developed remarkable nerve under your trials. Few young ladies of your age would have the courage to take the step that you did. Your return unattended, to America, and the attempts to provide for your support, have were undertakings of no mean proportions. How thankful I am, Violet, that I answered your advertisement and was thus enabled to make your life somewhat easier, and to throw around you the safeguard of my home.

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence," Violet returned, looking at him with grateful eyes, "you will never know how thankful I have been for this pleasant home and your great kindness to me. I have felt so content here and so happier than I ever thought I could be again. I have had such a feeling of safety under your protection, and have grown to love Bertha and my work more than I can tell you; but now I suppose I must go away—"

"Go away!" Mr. Lawrence cried, aghast at the suggestion. "No, indeed, I could never consent to such a proceeding! It is not to be thought of for a moment. You are safe here; you say you are content and even happy, and I am sure I do not know what Bertha would do without you—she would be heart-broken to lose you."

"But—but—I am afraid it would not be right or best for me to stay—now," Violet stammered.

"Why! because I have told you that I love you? because I have asked you to be my wife?" Mr. Lawrence questioned, gravely. Then without waiting for her to reply, he went on with increasing earnestness: "For your own sake I cannot let you go again into the world where you will be so friendless. I cannot let you go, on Bertha's account, for the child would grieve herself to death, to say nothing of the good that you have done and are still doing her. Think no more of what I have said—if that is what stands in the way of your remaining—but it be as if it had never been said." His lips were pale and his brow contracted with pain as he thus renounced forever the hope of making this beautiful girl his wife and the chief joy of his future life. "I promise you that I will never refer to the subject again. You have said that you have grown to regard me as a daughter might regard a father," he continued, flushing slightly. "I know that, in point of years, I am old enough to be your parent, and now let me assume that position toward you; let me throw around you paternal care and protection and thus try to make you forget that you are so lonely in the world. You say you do not know where your sister is, that you would not wish to return to her, after her former treatment of you, under any consideration, while your brother-in-law has become so dissipated and degraded that you fear him. Stay, Violet, and be my other daughter," he pleaded, "or at least my friend and Bertha's, and I assure you you shall never have cause to feel otherwise than a friend or daughter would in the home of one who would show you only kindness and the profoundest respect."

How grand and noble he seemed as he pleaded thus for her putting out of mind entirely his own pain and longing; how considerate, how courteous, and chivalrous, and she longed to tell him that she would remain, yet she hesitated, wondering if it would be right and just.

"If I could but have known your history—if you had but hinted to me of your troubles and—your great loss," Mr. Lawrence went on, as he noticed her indecision, "I should have understood at once that you could never have given me the affection I craved and nothing would have tempted me to urge you by making such proposals to you. Forget it all, Violet, I beseech you, and believe me when I say that now, knowing all, I myself would not wish you to become my wife, and that henceforth no thought of any such relation will ever return to me in connection with yourself. Now promise me, my dear girl, that you will remain with us; if not for your own or my sake, for Bertha's. Indeed I cannot, I will not let you go," he concluded, trying to speak with playful authority.

"Yes, I will remain for the present," Violet replied, after a thoughtful pause, a great burden of trouble and anxiety rolling from her heart, as she gave the promise.

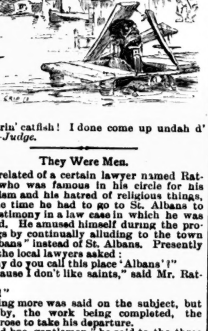
Then she went away to her own room where she had to give vent to the grief that had been newly aroused in her heart by the rehearsal of her past troubles, but underneath it all there was a feeling of tender gratitude and of deep friendship, if not of downright affection, toward the noble man who was so kind and generous in all his relations with her.

(To be Continued.)

The eyes can be fitted accurately with spectacles at Brown's, No. 110 Yonge Street. No charge for testing the eyes.

A Marine Battering-Ram

Mr. Coakley (in the air)—How's dis for a dive, Miss Witherbee!



Sufferin' catfish! I done come up undah d' floot!—*Judge.*

They Were Men.

It is related of a certain lawyer named Ratcliffe, who was famous in his circle for his scepticism and his hatred of religious things, that one time he had to go to St. Albans to take testimony in a law case in which he was engaged. He was amused himself during the proceedings by continually alluding to the town as "Albans" instead of St. Albans. Presently one of the local lawyers asked him:

"Why do you call this place 'Albans'?"

"Because I don't like saints," said Mr. Ratcliffe.

"Oh!"

Nothing more was said on the subject, but by-and-by, the work being completed, the lawyer rose to take his departure.

"Good-bye, gentlemen," he said to the three or four St. Albans men who were present.

"Good-bye, Mr. Cliffe!" they all answered at once.

"What do you mean by calling me Mr. Cliffe?" he exclaimed.

"Why, we don't like rats," said one of the St. Albans men.—*Tit-Bits.*

Protection.

Mr. Johnsing—'Peers to me yo's sitten pow'ful bad wumpin, deacon, gwine out 'fo' de con'regation wif dem baise-ball flings on yo'.

Deacon Blackmath—'Taint gwine out 'fo' de con'regation, it's gwine out behin' de mewel da I'se a skeared of. I'se jist a kind o' forty-fine mese'f agin axdents.—*Texas Siftings.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column."

SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

PARIS.—See Helen.

CONNY.—See Blushes.

CLOISTER CLIP.—See Rosebud Arden.

LADY ANNA.—The disguise is very apparent, as is also that of Cliffe.

HELEN.—Indecision, unselfishness, lack of order and educational deficiencies.

MAY.—You are practical, conscientious, judiciously firm, ambitious and a little vain.

ENGLISH GIRL, Cayuga.—Generous, hopful, merry, unostentatious and conceited.

ETHELYN.—You are high-spirited, self-willed, self-reliant, generous, ambitious and resolute.

MUNGO, Stratford.—Hasty, nervous in temperament, rather selfish, self-willed and loquacious.

HORATIUS.—Mirth, dislike of ostentation, courage and perseverance are noticeable in this writing.

DIMPLE.—You are moderately ambitious, fond of flattery, self willed, shrewd, self-reliant, and flippant.

FAUST, Orangeville.—Honesty, unselfishness, indecision, reserve and order are shown in your writing.

ROWENA.—You are impulsive, inclined to be suspicious, rather neat, self-willed and very persevering.

CONNY.—You are probably candid, rather decisive in action, somewhat generous and a little obstinate.

ROWANLE, Orangeville.—You are impulsive, self-reliant, rather self-assertive and affectionate in disposition.

MARGUERITE.—The enclosed writing displays some timidity, ur selfishness, perseverance, even temper and much warmth of feeling.

FUSCINA, Deseronto.—See Snowball, for your delineation. The enclosed shows timidity, irresolution, suspicion and selfishness.

HALLAS.—Order, selfishness, intuitive perception, vivacity and a hasty temper are the salient characteristics of your writing.

ROSEBUD ARDEN, Hamilton.—Your disposition is somewhat generous and a little obstinate.

ROWANLE, Orangeville.—You are impulsive, self-reliant, rather self-assertive and affectionate in disposition.

BOB WHITE, London.—The portrait is that of a reserved man, with a fine sense of honor, benevolent, kindly, somewhat self-esteeming and prudent.

REBA DARRELL, Hamilton.—Many thanks for your kind wishes. The writing shows energy, sympathy, generosity and a little too much indecision.

CLARK.—The "all" in Faust has the same sound as "ow" in cow. Writing shows energy of heart, vivacity, strong self-will, thoughtlessness and self-esteem.

CLARA, Brantford.—Your writing exhibits mirthfulness, order, energy and a fair degree of conscientiousness. May I be permitted to hope that you will call this "justice"?

TOMMY, Guelph.—You should address simply: Correspondence Column. Writing shows a good deal of vanity. Your writing shows carelessness, tenderness, activity, loquacity and good intuition.

RUSSIAN GIRL.—You are probably very persevering logical and unselfishness, but a little selfish and egotistical. There is a good deal of tenderness exhibited, with a fair degree of order and wilfulness.

ELLEN, Montreal.—Your writing is that of a persevering, vivacious and self-reliant woman. Order is strongly marked, as is hasty temper and inclination to exaggeration. You are also cordial and warm-hearted.

ROSEBUD ARDEN, Hamilton.—Your dear little letter so full of good wishes was gladly read. Your writing shows a rather indolent nature but an active temperament. Much tenderness is evidenced, with considerable caution.

NAN, Cayuga.—Writing indicates a very sympathetic disposition, caution, energy and resolution. 2. I gave the testimonial for a cable car company a trial. The amazing requires nearly the same, with perhaps a little less water.

MOLLY BAWN, Hamilton.—You are doubtless courageous, self-satisfied, sincere and very self-willed. 2. Yes, I am kind to say such very nice things about the column. I have a small but healthy suspicion in my mind that you are Irish.

C. M. E.—I would think you were very ambitious but rather too reserved and practical to ever risk to win. Energy and tenderness are evidenced in the enclosed specimen, a genial sincere nature, with much cheerfulness, tact and humor.

THE HEAT OF THE CAYUGA COMBINATION.—Do you not think you are imposing upon my excessive good nature? I am really quite wrathy, for such a bundle of badly-disguised humanity it has never before been my privilege to see, and the disguise is in one or two instances, very poor indeed. Send me honest specimens and I will do my best with them.

MARGUERITE.—I was so glad to hear from you again, and wish to assure you that I appreciate your kindness. Big brothers are often spoiled, are they not? I am glad you like the column so well, and will be pleased to seriously consider your request here. Your writing enclosed shows a methodical mind, steady perseverance, good practical ability, tenderness, self-reliance, considerable self-will and a rather hasty temper.

LADY DEVERE, Clinton.—The eyes show frankness and affectionate disposition, the eyebrows sensitiveness, the nose tact and caution. The mouth is not resolute, and shows a little previshness. The chin shows self-will. 2. The writing indicates a fair order, an easy-going disposition and marked indecision. Anna's writing exhibits agreeableness, order, cheerful temper and self-will d. You have quick temper. Have returned the photograph as you desired.

A MAIDEN IN BROWN, Belleville.—Your cheerful letter received a warm welcome from me. I had been thinking of your difficulties, and am so glad to know that it is removed. To tell you the truth I was afraid you like d him, and as I thought, your letter would only have come from a fiancée. I shall send me the photograph and I will give you full delineation as soon as possible after receiving it. The only way to ascertain anything is by time and trial, and even if you are not successful, do not be discouraged. I shall await the photograph with eagerness, for I shall be pleased to see your face.

URSULA, Paris.—The only lasting remedy for superfluous hair, is the electric treatment. Unless it is very conspicuous, you will be wise to leave it severely alone. 2. Moles are so treated by electricity. 3 For the cold feet you can do no better than consult your general health. Do not wear your clothing over tight; eat nourishing food, and take plenty of exercise in the open air. For local treatment try a sponging with cold water and a brisk rubbing before retiring and upon rising. 4. Your writing indicates order, energy and a thoroughly practical nature with good executive and marked generosity.

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.

Comfort is the watchword while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamers Empress of India, sould train from Port Dalhousie.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Boru Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

A Declined Invitation.

The French Poodle.—Come home with me, and I'll show you some of the luxuries of life.

The Fourth Ward Rounder.—Thanks, Polly. voo; but I shave myself.—*Puck.*

Another Excuse.

Tramp—I regret that I am unable to cut your fire-wood with this proverb, madam.

Madam—Why do you call it a proverb?

Tramp—Because it is an old saw, madam.—*Judge.*

SURPRISE

Washday

SURPRISE

EVERY WOMAN

Can save half the hard wearing-out toil of wash day and be fresh and strong. Can have clothes sweet, snowy-white, never yellow. Flannels not to shrink, cotton not to rot, nor hands chap, but soft and white. Use the "Surprise" way. No boiling or scalding. Remarkable! Try it!

READ THE SURPRISE WRAPPER.

St. Croix Soap Mf'g. Co. St. Stephen, N. B. SOAP

Send us 25 SURPRISE wrappers and get one of our beautiful engravings.

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LUXURIOUS SUITES WITH

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THE CUISINE RIVALS THE MOST FAMOUS CONTINENTAL AND AMERICAN RESTAURANTS.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents. Five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON, is undoubtedly the BEST.

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MAKE THE TRIAL.

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They do not affect the bowels

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The merchants and professional gentlemen of Toronto prefer to lunch at the Colborne Street restaurant, where everything is under Mr. Fred Jewell's personal supervision, to going where they would not find the same individual attention. Cuisine first-class.

JEWELL & KINNEAR

BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

"THE SEA GIVES UP ITS DEAD."

Standish accepted the old man's invitation, and, lighting a cigar, took his seat beside him. A long spell of silence ensued.

There is no more taciturn creature in the world than your regular old salt. With his weather eye (whatever that may be) perpetually on the look out for squalls, or the shifting of the wind, and his mind on the alert to meet the treacherous forces of sea and storm, with all that human foresight and resolution can do to circumvent and conquer them, he does not care to be shaken his mental powers with idle words, but out of the stores of slowly accumulated wisdom, he lets drop occasionally pearls and diamonds of terse, well expressed opinion, the essence of his crystallized experience.

So Standish and his weather-host (for, had he not offered him the hospitality of his stranded boat?) sat silently side by side, their eyes directed wistfully toward the "Head," as the promontory east of the bay was familiarly called, the thoughts of both centred on the same object.

Time went very slowly, and Standish was quite surprised when half past nine chimed from the clock of the old town church. "I thought it must be ten at least," exclaimed Standish impatiently.

"It's past his usual time," said Jack, putting up his battered glass again. "He went only for a dip," he said. "If it's your will, sir, I'll just pull out to look for him if we see no sign of him in ten minutes."

"Do," said Standish eagerly, "and I'll come with you. You may have a long pull."

"The tide will be flowing for a quarter of an hour longer," said the boatman, "and with the tide he ought to come pretty quick, but we'll find it stiff work."

He got over the side of the boat as he spoke and began very deliberately to put a couple of oars in a lighter one.

"Its the finest morning we have had this month," he said slowly. "He may be tempted to swim about a bit. Still, it might be better to go and look for him."

"Much better," said Standish, assisting the old man to push the light boat over the shingle to the water. As they took their places, three-quarters chimed out, a soul-west wind carrying the sound over the waters.

Standish had been accustomed to row in his Oxford days, and from time to time since; and now, unknown to himself, his unspoken fears found expression in his energetic strokes, till at last his old mate exclaimed, "Gently, by your leave, sir. If you pull so hard you'll pull me round. There's no use in hurrying. It's getting a little fresher, and there's a pretty tidy swell on. We might miss the chase in the trough of the waves. Keep her head to the wind and I'll give him a hail."

Standing up, old Jack Goold shouted long and loud the name of the boat taken out by Colonel Callander that morning, "Lively Peggy, ahoy!"

In vain; there was not even an echo to reply.

Then he returned to his oar, saying simply, "Let's make straight for the Head."

So they rowed on and on, and round and about, but no trace of the Lively Peggy nor her oarsman was to be seen.

Never did Standish lose the profound impression of that weary row, the sickening fear which grew upon him, the hopelessness and sinking of the heart.

At last Jack Goold said, sullenly and hoarsely, "We'd best get back, sir. I don't see how we can do any good. We'd best speak this tug I see coming along on our tack. If you promise something of a reward, they'll keep a look-out. There's no knowing where the boat's drifted."

"The boat, man!" cried Standish, in much agitation. "You don't mean to say you do not think Colonel Callander is lost?"

"I don't mean nothing, Mr. Standish; only it looks baddish seeing no sign of her."

The old man presently hailed the tug, which ran down to them. Standish clambered on board, but the old boatman thought it better to return to his station, in case they had by any accident, missed the object of their search, hoping to find his boat and its occupant, alike beached and safe.

It would take much time and space to describe the growing fears with which Standish paced the tug's dirty deck, or stood eagerly scanning the face of the waters, as they steamed slowly to and fro.

At length the skipper remarked that if they stayed thereabouts till night they would find nothing; adding, not without feeling, that he would not give much for the gentleman's chance if some craft had not picked him up before this.

Standish agreed with him, and the master bringing his vessel to as near the Head as he could safely go, sent his passenger ashore in one of the tug's boats.

The spot he landed on was a small rocky projection not far from a stretch of fine sand which filled a slight indentation of the shore where Standish had often found Dorothy, with Nurse and the children hunting for shells and seaweed. A long walk, however, was before him, and his mind was too profoundly disturbed to allow of tender memories. He pressed on at a good pace, thinking hard what was best to be done if Callander had disappeared, or if he returned alive. Both contingencies had their difficulties.

It was a long, painful progress. Nearing the coast, one diverged from his direct road to pass Jack Goold's hut. The old man was on the look-out, and, perceiving his approach, came rapidly to meet him.

"What news?" shouted Standish before they were within speaking distance.

Jack shook his head, and as soon as they stood face to face, said, in a low voice, "Bad—couldn't be worse. A chap has just come down to tell me that my boat has been picked up by the fishing smack Mary Jane, with the Colonel's clothes, his watch and chain, and purse. The poor gentleman is lost, that's plain enough. Likely got cramp and went down, for he was a strong swimmer."

Standish stood still and silent. Was this the end of the story—the last act of a pitiful tragedy to which two innocent sufferers had been driven by blind fate?

"I suppose it is folly to hope?" he forced himself to say at last.

"Ay! no good at all, sir. I don't see as there is a spark of hope, nohow! He was a grand gentleman," continued the old boatman, beginning to fill his pipe with an unsteady hand. "That kind and thoughtful for them as worked with him; but one you wouldn't care to say 'no' to. I don't think he was quite right, sir, since them Spanish swabs murdered his poor lady! By Gad, sir," with sudden fire, "I'd like to string 'em up to the yard-arm with my own hands!"

"It is an appalling finale," muttered Standish to himself.

"It is so, sir; but the Lord, He only knows the heart!"

An utterance which showed Standish the drift of the old man's thoughts.

"Where can I find these fishing-people and the boat?"

Jack Goold immediately offered to guide him, and, tired as he was with five or six hours' mental and physical strain, Standish had no thought but for the task still before him, and proceeded at once to the well-remembered old dock, where the fishing smack lay.

The clothes, etc. had been already handed over to the police. These Standish had no difficulty in recognizing. He was assured that attempt to search for the body would be useless. Some of the currents which existed outside the bay might have swept it out to sea, or the tide might cast it in.

As there was no more to be done at present, Standish, though greatly shaken, was obliged to think of his own duties, public and private. His temporary leave was nearly expired, and his chief had shown him so much consideration, that he was anxious not to out-stay it. Then some advice himself must have the sad news to Dorothy. How would she bear this last blow?

He, therefore, telegraphed to Colonel Callander's solicitor to come down himself, or send some capable employe to be on the spot, should action of any kind prove necessary, adding that he would wait his arrival.

A reply wire soon reached him to the effect that Mr. Brierly himself would come down by the three-ten train.

Standish was thus enabled to confer with the greatly distressed lawyer (who was also a personal friend of Callander's) before he started for town.

It was nearly nine o'clock when he reached his rooms, and he debated with himself whether he should attempt to see Dorothy that night or not. "No," was his conclusion; "she shall have this night, at least, undisturbed." Indeed, after the tremendous strain of that trying day, he felt quite unequal to meet her.

"Very well, sir; and I forgot to say Mr. Egerton called this afternoon. He said as he could not find you at the club, he came on here. He seemed surprised to hear you had gone down to Fordsea, sir."

"Mr. Egerton!" repeated Standish, his brow contracting; there was another task.

"I shall probably meet him to-morrow."

"Any answer to these, sir?" taking the notes.

"No—none."

The man left the room, but returned almost immediately.

"Mr. Egerton is below, sir. Shall I show him up?"

"Yes; show him up," said Standish, sudden vigor and fire replacing his exhaustion at the sound of his name.

He remained standing, and the next moment Egerton entered.

"Very glad to find you at last," he cried, in his usual genial, pleasant voice, as he advanced with outstretched hand; "I am longing to know——"

He stopped, silenced and astonished by the aspect of Standish, his stern face, and the sight of his hand closed and resting on the table, quite irresponsive to Egerton's friendly gesture.

"What is the matter, Standish?"

"I will explain. You must hear me without interruption, for what I am going to say is sufficient strain on my self-control. I have heard the whole truth which underlay the tragedy in which we have both played a part. I know the brutal villainy of your conduct towards your friend's wife. I know that the suspicions which should have fallen on you were directed to me, and I have it from Callander himself that he, too, had learned the truth, that he was aware of the debt he owed you, and was resolved to pay it in full; therefore, you are unfit to touch the hand of a gentleman, to sit in the room with a decent woman. You took the heart, the will, of a weak, innocent child by falsest stratagem into your iron, pitiless hands, and for the gratification of a base passion, destroyed her soul's life, as certainly as her murderer struck her dead!"

While he spoke, Egerton's large, dark eyes grew larger, fiercer, and fixed themselves unflinchingly on those of Standish.

"Yes!" he returned, in a hard voice. "This is how, I suppose, a moral, blameless man like yourself looks upon me, and this is how I look upon myself: I found one of the sweetest, fairest creatures my eyes ever rested on, whose indefinable charm fascinated my heart, and thrilled my senses as no other woman among the numbers I have known ever did before. I found her tied to a cold, half-indifferent man, whose age, whose dull nature checked and repressed hers. She feared him, she wanted the companionship of a younger, a more sympathetic man! She was formed for me, and all that was needed to secure such happiness as men and women rarely taste was that she should take courage and burst her bonds. It would have been but a nine days' wonder, soon forgotten, and I could have given her everything. But she dared not! God never created an angel purer or more self-denying than Mabel! Whether right or wrong, I have but one regret, that I did not succeed in carrying her away from the oppression of a heart cold as the heaven my love could have created—from the cruel madman who destroyed her sweet life, to the shelter of my arms. My love for her gave me superior rights! I shall never repent or regret my share in the past!"

"You too, are insane," exclaimed Standish, amazed at his self-deception, and at his allusion to Callander. "You must have lost your balance or been born without moral sense."

"Moral sense? What is moral sense? the cumbrous lacquer with which the needs of society compel us to overlay our nature! There are circumstances which excuse our casting off this outer husk. But I understand what preacheres such as you will think. To the moral sense of your ward Dorothy her sister owes her death. Had she not interfered Mabel would now be living, recovered from the shock of following the dictates of her own heart, and glowing with the joy she gave and received."

"And Callander!" asked Standish sternly.

"Dead, or in a lunatic asylum—what is that to me?"

"Your recklessness is revolting."

"Is it? Remember, I have conquered myself for her sake! Feeling convinced from some strange innate conviction that Callander murdered his wife, I forced myself to endure his company rather than give cruel tongues any chance of touching her name. I bore the bitter reproaches of her sister. I will bear in silence—no breath from me shall ever tarnish the pure name of my beloved dead! Do you think that all the suffering has been on the husband's and sister's side? You little know the absolute physical agony I have endured! For her sake I listen to your abuse without seeking the satisfaction I should otherwise gladly demand! But no! I do not care enough for your opinion to give myself or for anything else in life—to enjoy shooting you! You are of your kind—honorable, phlegmatic, high principled—not with living fire in your veins as I have! We cannot help our natures! But you and I have the honor of Callander's name, the safety of his life in our hands, and though we shall keep far apart in future, we must guard it well."

"His honor, yes! for the rest—no earthly judge can touch him now."

"My God!" cried Egerton with a sudden revulsion of feeling. "Is he dead?"

"I have reason to believe so," and Standish told the occurrence of the day as rapidly as he could.

"Then that chapter is finished!" exclaimed Egerton. "We can never meet again as friends; but for the sake of the dead we must not seem enemies. Dorothy may rest satisfied with her work," he added with a sneer.

"She has reason to be satisfied," returned Standish gravely. "Better mourn over her sister's early grave, than blush for a faithless wife, a dishonored mother."

Egerton stood a moment in silence. Then he said, more to himself than to Standish, "I shall leave England to-morrow." With one steady defiant look into the face of his accuser he left the room and the house. This last interview completed the exhaustion of the day. Standish forced himself to take some food, and then, stupefied with fatigue, slept heavily till morning. He felt that there was yet a severe trial before him in breaking the news to Dorothy. He profoundly feared the results of such repeated shocks on her sensitive, sympathetic nature. He must guard her from the knowledge that Callander's hand had robbed her of her sister.

. . . . . .

When Standish reached Prince's Place next morning he found Dorothy alone at the breakfast table; she was looking a little brighter than usual, and rose to receive him with a welcoming smile.

"I am so glad you have come, dear Paul! I am dying to hear how you and Herbert met. If he is friends with you and trusts to you, he must recover something of his old frame of mind."

"Yes, Dorothy, I will tell you everything," returned Standish, holding her hand but unconsciously in both his own. "But come into the study, we shall be undisturbed! Have you finished your breakfast?"

"Oh! yes, quite—Henrietta has a headache, so she did not come down; but she wants to see you before you go."

While Dorothy spoke she led the way into the study; a small fire was burning, and the window was open upon a neat little garden, where the sunshine of an early spring morning seemed to promise a future crop of grass and flowers.

"It is cold still," said Dorothy, closing the window and turning to Standish, who stood still and silent; something in his face, in his compassionate eyes, struck her heart.

"Paul—dear Paul—how dreadfully ill you look! something to Herbert! Tell me at once."

"Yes! my dearest Dorothy! We greatly fear—that an accident—bathing—terrified cramp, perhaps——" Standish could hardly form his words.

"Oh, Paul! say it at once. Is he dead?"

"Sit down, my child," drawing her to the sofa, and holding her hands in his. "We cannot say certainly that he is! but I fear we shall never see him again—I will tell you all."

Dorothy listened with wide open dry eyes.

"Might he not have been taken up by some other ship, Paul?" she exclaimed in a tremulous voice. "Oh! I wanted him to have a few peaceful days with you and me and the poor children, he has been so miserable! and you two never met again! It is all too cruel!" She trembled violently but could not weep. "And Mr. Fortescue—you know him—he came with us that day so long ago, in the yacht to Rookstone. Well, he was at luncheon yesterday and said he had seen Herbert at Fordsea, and thought him looking better than he expected; he spoke so nicely, so sympathetically, that I felt cheered. And now all is over—the children are quite orphans! Oh! I feel that he is indeed dead!"

"I rather think he must be! But if he died without much suffering, don't you think it better for him to be at peace—perhaps united to Mabel—as Christians are permitted to believe such things possible? Have you no tears, Dorothy? It frightens me, dear to see your poor eyes so dry—to feel how you tremble."

"I tell you what terrifies me, Paul! Do you—do you think he did it himself?" and she clung shuddering to him.

"No, certainly not!" returned Standish, promptly. "Why—he ordered breakfast for himself and for me (for he seemed to have expected me), and in his letter he spoke of objects to live for! No, Dorothy—put that thought out of your head."

"He wrote to you, then?"

"Yes, very kindly and frankly, just like his old self."

"Ah! how good he was, how kind he was—how gentle, how true—why, why has one bad man been allowed to destroy our happiness? My head feels on fire——"

"Think of those poor little children, so unconscious of their desolation," began Standish, at his wits' end to draw tears to the poor strained eyes, when the door burst open and Henrietta, her eyes red with weeping and a handkerchief in her hand, came in.

"Oh! Have you told her! Isn't it too dreadful! Oh, poor, dear Dorothy, how it feels for you! Yet what can your grief be to mine? I loved him all my life, quite all my life," and sitting down, she covered her face, and sobbed aloud.

"How did you know?" asked Standish. "I did not say anything in my note, to save murderous pain for one night!"

"It was this morning. Collins read it in the papers and told Celestine, and she ran, of course, to me. I kept out of the way in my room, for I knew I should talk to Dorothy, and I told them to keep all the papers below. Now you must tell me the whole dreadful story."

Standish complied—noticing the convulsive fits of trembling that shook Dorothy's slight frame.

"Now," said Henrietta, rising, "I hope you will not mind being left alone Dorothy; but I am going off almost immediately to catch the mid-day Calais boat. I feel I ought to break this frightful news to my aunt. He is losing her son she loves everything, and nobody seems to think of her."

"I certainly do!" said Standish, grimly. "Has it not been for her——" he stopped.

"Oh! yes, I know, she growled and grumbled and made herself disagreeable, but then she means well, and, at any rate, Dorothy, I feel I ought to go to Aunt Callander."

"Yes, Henrietta. I don't mind staying with nurse, I am so fond of her, and Paul will come and see me. I think I will go and lie down, my head and eyes ache dreadfully."

"Well, do, dear. I shall see you settled before I go."

"Good-bye, Paul. How good and kind you always are to me!" At last the gracious tears came, and Dorothy hurried from the room.

"Thank God she can weep at last!" cried Standish to Henrietta. "For Heaven's sake come back as soon as you can. I feel certain she is going to be ill! But I dare say Mrs. McHugh will take good care of her."

"I declare you don't seem to have a thought for anyone but Dorothy," said Henrietta, impatiently.

"Not many," he returned tersely.

Henrietta stamped her foot.

"You will be sure to telegraph to me to Meurice's if you have any news or in any case. If this day passes over without his return, we have seen the last of poor Herbert." She again burst into tears, and shaking hands with him, she followed Dorothy upstairs.

Standish returned to his chambers on his way to the Foreign Office, and found a telegram from Brierly:

"Body cast up by tide on western spit. Should all that is needful. Come as soon as you can."

Despatching this by a messenger to Miss Oakeley, Standish perforce continued on his way, that he might clear off some work, and make what arrangements he could to attend the funeral of his unfortunate friend.

(To be Continued.)

An Unsuccessful Eavesdropper.

First Boy—I hid under the sofa the other evening to listen to what young Smith would say to my sister.

Second Boy—What did he say?

First Boy—He only talked about religion, and kicked me about twenty times on the head.

Second Boy—He knew you were there, I guess.

First Boy—I'm afraid he suspected it.—*Tit-Bits.*

Honor Where Due.

While speaking on the Civil List, Burke was annoyed by the repeated interruption of a member who occupied a position in the royal household, and who, among other ejaculations, called upon the orator to remember his duty as a subject of the king. At this the speaker paused and remarked that "he was perfectly ready to honor the king, but he did not feel himself constrained therefore to honor the king's man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox, and"—fixing his eyes upon the obnoxious intruder—"his ass!"

A Few Thoughts

I think a disposition that is happy and resigned
Adds greatly to the comfort and the health of human kind.
I think a sour temper or a bosom filled with spite
Brings trouble, and puts every sign of happiness to flight.
I think no individual, however high his station,
E'er gained the praise of worthy men by vice and dissipation.
I think no dainty dandy, ladies' favors suing,
E'er added perfume to his breath by smoking or by chewing.
I think that wicked cunning never met with much success,
I think if swindlers suffered more, honest men would be less.
I think if meddling gossips would cease to spy and talk,
That lawyers would be fewer and courts would have less work.
I think that many doctors would better blacksmiths make.
I think that clerks who gamble have more than gold at stake.
I think a man who marries, if he gets a proper mate,
Secures a fortune, though the bride may own no real estate.
I think if certain folks won't let some other folks alone,
They'd find more leisure to attend to business of their own.
I think when stingy rich men chance from fortune's height to tumble,
And meet with little sympathy, they have no right to grumble.
I think that many ministers, renowned for fluent speech,
Would more consistent be if they would practice what they preach.
I think that true religion, when the tempter tries his art,
Throws a shield of triple power around the wavering heart.
I think that every soul that sins will meet with suffering,
Whether it be small delength to a peanut or a king.
I think all grades of people, from the monarch to the grumble,
Are fashioned from one common clay, and equal in the grave.

—N. Y. Weekly.

On Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Negus.—I say, Charlie.

Mr. Moore.—Ya-as; but don't call me Charlie. Call me Cholly. It's moah English, you know.—*Puck.*

The Business Principle.

Patient (after receiving his prescription)—Thanks, doctor; God will repay you.

Absent-minded physician (taking out notebook)—Please give me his address.—*Judge*

Their Weak Point.

"It would be no use allowing women the privilege of vote," says Bob Ingersoll. "They wouldn't give away the fact that they were over twenty-one to save the country from an oligarchy."

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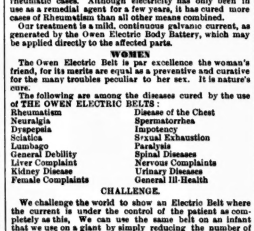

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Isn't it?

She (coming out, as usual, with her favorite adjective)—Gorgeous.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Graphic Definition

Impecunious—I should like to know where all my money goes to. It is just as if my purse were made of red-hot iron, and all my shillings of butter!—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Only Once.

Cumso—Were you ever taken in by a confidence game, Briggs?

Briggs—Once only; when I was married.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

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October 17, 31, November 14, 28 December 12, 26

Running through to Vancouver without change.

For Berths and all information apply to any Agent of the Company, or write

W. R. CALLAWAY,

118 King Street West 24 York Street, Toronto.

LOOK

FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

Something of special interest to those who appreciate

ART - IN - DRESS

TAYLOR & CO.

Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

438 YONGE ST.

OPP. CARLTON STREET.

MISS HOLLAND

Would intimate to her customers and ladies generally that she has now a very large and choice stock of

French Patterns in Millinery

Together with novelties in

Flowers, Ribbons, &c.

Of which she would solicit inspection. Also very handsome Jackets and Small Dolmans.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management and most satisfactory results.

AND

- SPECTACLES -

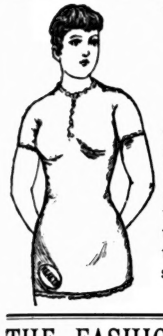
Accurately fitted. First quality lenses. Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.

J. FOSTER, 12 King Street West

THE VERDICT

IN THE CASE OF

Major Panitza



was, unfortunately, Death, poor fellow, but the verdict on the "Health Brand" Undervests is Life, Comfort and Luxurious Warmth. Amongst the new good things brought out for the coming season it is the best. Ask to see them and you will endorse this sentiment.

W. A. Murray & Co. keep them.

THE FASHIONABLE FUR FURNISHER

Is Hammond, otherwise known as The Hatter. Furs with him, however, are as much a feature as headgear; in fact he does one of the largest trades in furs in Toronto—retail, that is. Now that the cool, fall days have come you'll find his

FUR CAPES, WALKING JACKETS AND STORM COLLARS

the essence of warmth and comfort, and just the thing to wear before the winter calls for seal coats, fur caps, gauntlets, etc. Our basement and upper flats are filled with all kinds of furs, ready to be made into articles to your order.

Hammond, the Furrier, AT 129 Yonge Street

Mason & Risch PIANOS

The surpassing merits of the Mason and Risch Pianos are recognized by the highest musical authorities everywhere. The matchless TONE of these instruments is the index of the superior skill and care and the excellent material that enters into their construction. They are the favorite pianos in the studios of the most accomplished artists and in the homes of the cultivated and refined. Before deciding upon any particular make of Pianoforte, intending purchasers should hear the tone and inquire into the substantial advantages of great durability and power of standing in tune for which the Mason and Risch pianos are noted everywhere.

WAREROOMS | 32 KING STREET WEST 32 QUEEN STREET WEST | TORONTO

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

On Friday evening, October 3, the residence of Mr. Daniel Spry presented a very gay scene, being the occasion of a most delightful party. The rooms were all prettily illuminated with incandescent light. The verandas were enclosed for this little event and festooned with flags; this proved a favorite resort for non-dancers or those who enjoyed little chats between dances. Mrs. Spry received the guests in the drawing-room. The large sitting-room was set apart for dancing, and was a merry picture until the small hours well approached, when adieus were said and the guests wended their homeward way delighted with the evening's pleasures. Those present were Major and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Sauford, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKeggie, Mr. Spotton, Major and Mrs. David, Mrs. Holmes, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. Maghee, Mr. H. and Miss Kortright, Mr. F. and Miss Harnsby, the Misses Mason, Miss Schreiber, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss Reiner, Mr. W. A. Boys, Miss Stewart, Mr. H. Bearer, the Misses Bird, Miss V. Major, Mr. F. Hewson, Miss Lytell, Mr. J. Coffee, Mr. F. and the Misses Baker, Mr. T. and Miss K. Boys, Dr. H. Arnall, Mr. A. and Miss Dyment, Miss Ball of Goderich, Mr. Bickle, Miss N. Thomson, Mr. F. Norman, Miss S. Forsyth, Mr. F. and Miss K. Stevenson, Mr. V. Meeking, Miss Henderson, Miss Clark, and Mr. Lawrence of Collingwood.

A most pleasant and successful At Home was given by Mrs. Webster on Saturday afternoon, October 4. The house was well lighted and presented a most inviting appearance to the guests when entering. The rooms being spacious are well adapted to receive a number on an occasion of this description. Suitable selections were given by the band at intervals during the afternoon which delighted all present. The following is a partial list of those present: Lady Kortright, Mr. H. and Miss Kortright, Mr. H. H. Strathy, Mrs. J. Burton, Mayor and Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. H. H. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Mason, the Misses Mason, Mrs. Vansittart, Miss Major, Miss Harnsby, Miss Hewett, Mr. and Mrs. Holgate, Mrs. Forsyth, the Misses Forsyth, Miss Jakes of Toronto, Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. Cooper, Dr. and Mrs. Rosanks, Mr. J. R. Cotter, Miss Schreiber, Miss McKenzie of Dundas, Mr. Maghee, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Dr. J. Ross, Mrs. D. Holmes, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod; Mrs. McL. Stevenson, Mr. F. and Miss K. Stevenson, Dr. H. Arnold, Mr. F. Hewson, Mr. W. Bickell, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss McConkey, Mrs. Cameron, Mr. W. A. Cameron, Mrs. Ault of Aultsville, Mr. W. Spry, Mrs. S. Dyment, Mr. and Mrs. Justin Edwards, Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Smith, Mr. F. and the Misses Baker, Miss Ball of Goderich, Miss Pepler, Miss Perry of Toronto, Mr. W. Wilkinson and others. OCULAIRE.

BELLEVILLE.

A most interesting wedding was celebrated on Wednesday at 3 p.m. at St. Thomas' church. The contracting parties being Mr. Ernest Arthur Shunklin, late of Toronto, now of Chicago, and Miss Hattie Starling fourth daughter of the late C. J. Starling of "The Lions," Belleville. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Burke. The bride looked her very best, and was handsomely attired in ivory duchesse satin with a court train, a cut velvet petticoat and medici collar. She wore a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a large bunch of tuber roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Ida Starling, sister of the bride, and Miss Fannie Shunklin of Toronto. They wore apricot china silk gowns with toques of tea roses, and carried bouquets of tea roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Clarence Shunklin and Mr. R. E. Lazier. At the stroke of three the bride walked up the aisle on the arm of her brother Ald. Starling to the strains of the wedding march played by Mrs. Campbell of Argyle Lodge. A large number of guests were present. The traveling dress of the bride is of hunter's green cloth, tailor made, with jacket to match, velvet sleeves and collar. English walking hat of green felt with a coronet of humming birds wings. Among the numerous and costly presents were noticed diamond earrings, the gift of the groom; silver tea service from Ald. Starling; complete set of carvers in case, Mr. R. S. and S. D. Lazier; case of fish knives and forks, Mr. C. Shunklin; Japanese gong, Mr. Baddenack and Mr. Love; case of pearl and silver dessert knives and forks, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Lazier; Hungarian vase, Mrs. Grantham; silver mounted traveling bag with monogram in gold, Mrs. Warrington; case of carvers, Mr. and Mrs. H. Corby; five o'clock Dresden china tea set, Mrs. Wilcox; handsome vase from Mrs. S. S. Lazier; brass salver, Indian workmanship, Mrs. Andrew Thompson; Ormulu clock, mounted in brass and silver, Mr. and Mrs. John Bell; other gifts of silverware and fancy needlework from the bride's numerous lady friends. The happy couple left on the evening train for Toronto, New York, Washington and Chicago; the latter city is to be their future home. The goodly wishes of a large number of friends follow them.

HAMILTON.

Mr. N. Osborne has returned from Woodstock, where he spent last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leggat and Master N. Leggat have returned home from England *via* Vancouver. They have been absent about six months, and are welcomed back by all their friends.

Miss Osborne entertained a few friends at afternoon tea last week.

Miss Spratt left for Woodstock last week, where she is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. Fuller.

Last Thursday a quiet wedding took place at St. Thomas' church, when Mr. Herbert Morton and Miss Elizabeth Mercer, step-daughter of Sheriff Mackellar, were united by the holy bonds of matrimony. Rev. Canon Curran officiated, and none but the relatives of the contracting parties were present. The bride looked charming in a handsome brown traveling costume, with bonnet to match. The happy couple left for the east by the 2 o'clock train.

Last Saturday afternoon Senator McInnes and family entertained Lady Marjorie Gordon and Hons. Dudley and Archibald Gordon at Dundurn. They were accompanied by Miss Farsmann, their governess. They also visited Brantford fair last week.

Mrs. Leslie of Montreal is visiting Miss Gartshore of Charles street.

Mrs. and Miss McLellan are in Cleveland on a short visit, attending the wedding of Mrs. McLellan's neice.

Mr. F. W. and Mr. A. Gates have gone to New York for a few days.

A canoe race, which has caused some excitement to lovers of this sport, was paddled for the fourth time on Saturday afternoon by Messrs. Logie and Labatt. The first race was given to Logie on a foul and in the second and third Labatt broke his paddle and in the fourth and last Labatt won by two lengths. Thus terminating the races for this season.

Mr. H. MacGiverin has gone to Toronto for the winter where he intends studying law. He will be very much missed by our football club.

A very pretty wedding took place last Wednesday at St. Thomas' Church when Mr. Frank Hall of Guelph and Miss Flo Hamilton were united in marriage by the Rev. Canon Curran. There were a large number of guests present and the church looked very pretty. The bride looked beautiful in a gown of white silk, with silver brocade, and a wreath of orange blossom with tulle veil. The bridesmaids were Miss Nettie Hamilton, sister of the bride, Miss Hall, sister of the groom, and Miss Nimmo. They wore gowns of white silk with mauve. After the reception at the house of the bride's mother the happy couple left for the east amidst the best wishes of their friends.

Judge and Mrs. MacMahon of Toronto were in town last week. The judge looked quite worn out with the exertions of the preceding week in Woodstock.

Two Free Trips to New York City.

For this month only. The *Fireside Weekly* will give two return tickets to New York for the two largest lists received in October. The winners of these extra prizes will of course have equal chances for the Free Trip to California and Florida and return, $200 sealskin sacque, made to order; handsome Shetland pony; silver tea set, worth $60; and many more. These are prizes for the largest list of words made from the letters in "*Fireside Weekly*." The contest is open to everyone sending in with their list $1 for the *Fireside Weekly* for six months. Send five one-cent stamps to 9 Adelaide west, Toronto, for copy and premium supplement.

On Saturday evening last Prof. J. F. Davis opened his new dancing academy at 102 Wilton avenue. A glance through Prof. Davis' establishment reveals the completeness of its equipment. The dancing floor is extensive enough to accommodate comfortably a large class, and is specially prepared for the purpose to which it is to be devoted. Besides the facilities for teaching the art terpsichoreal, Prof. Davis has a dining-room, sitting room and all other conveniences for the accommodation of those who wish to engage his hall to entertain their friends. The professor is a hustler and deserves all his success.

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GRAND ANNOUNCEMENT

1890-FALL AND WINTER-1890

$200,000.00 WORTH OF

FIRST-CLASS STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS

will be sacrificed

Regardless of Cost or Value

during the months of

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Commencing Monday Next at 10 O'clock Sharp

Hotel keepers and boarding-house keepers, contractors, heads of institutions, buying in quantities should attend this EXTRAORDINARY SALE, as by doing so a saving of from 15 to 25 per cent. can be affected.

7 and 9 King Street East, four Doors from Yonge

Our stock of Boys' Suits is most complete, and we invite the attention of parents to the elegant styles shown exclusively by us. "Boys are hard on their clothes" is a remark frequently heard, and in consequence of this we pay special attention to the quality and durability of the goods sold by us.

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115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East

Toronto, Ont.

W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

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Dinners
At Homes
Weddings
Banquets
Ball Suppers
Receptions, etc.

EVERY MINUTIÆ

66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, - - Manager.

ONE WEEK COMMENCING **MONDAY, OCT. 13**

USUAL MATINEES

Extraordinary Engagement of the

HANLON BROS.

Presenting their Latest and Greatest Spectacular Creation

SUPERBA

COMPRISING

A Masterpiece of Stagecraft
Dazzling Scenery
Astounding Effects
Laughable Situations
Tuneful Music

Beautiful Costumes and Originality of Thought

100 People in the Production 100

PAVILION MUSIC HALL
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, AT 8 P.M.
SIGNOR ED. RUBINI

Has the honor to announce his

SECOND ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT

On which occasion several of his Pupils will appear, whose names will be found in the Programme. He will be also kindly assisted by the following distinguished artists: Mme. F. D'Auria, Soprano; Miss Louie Gordon, Pianist; Signor Guiseppe Dinelli, Violoncello. Conductor, Sig. Ed. Rubini. Reserved seats 75c. and 50c. Admission 25c. Tickets now ready at Nordheimers', or at Signor Rubini's residence, 7 Metcalfe Street, Toronto.

QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA

GRAND COMBINED BAND CONCERT

Academy of Music, Monday, Oct. 13

BY BANDS OF THE

XIII Battalion, Hamilton, and the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada

Assisted by Mr. HAROLD JARVIS

Popular prices—General admission 25c. Reserved seats 50c. Plan now open at Mason & Risch's.

MISSES ELEANOR AND EDITH ROWLAND, pupils of Julius Eichberg, Director of Boston Conservatory (the acknowledged leading Violin School of America) are prepared to give instruction on

THE VIOLIN

MISS KATE ROWLAND

Teacher of the Piano and Organ

Special attention given to the Art of Accompanying. Open for Concert and Orchestral engagements.

No. 32 Cecil St., Toronto, Ont.

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ESTABLISHED 1834

IMPORTANT SALE OF

OIL PAINTINGS

We have received instructions to sell by auction at the Mart, 57 King Street East, on

Wednesday, October 15

AT 3 P.M.,

A Choice Collection (of about fifty) Important Oil Paintings by

MR. PAUL PEEL

Graduate of the "Ecoli de Beaux Arts," Paris, Hon. Mention at the Salon of 1889 and Gold Medal in 1890, also graduate of the "Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts."

These pictures will be sold WITHOUT the SLIGHTEST RESERVE, and lovers of Good Pictures will have an excellent opportunity to obtain an example of Mr. Peel's work. Pictures on view Monday afternoon. Terms cash.

Oliver, Coate & Co.
AUCTIONEERS

OUR

Terrific Cut on Prices

Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great

$2.75

BOYS' SUIT SALE

Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about

290

OF THE 1,000 LOT LEFT

But they are going fast. If you are wanting a bargain now is the time.

Boys' Suits, regular prices $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6,

ALL GO FOR

$2.75

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Corner Shuter Stre

THIS WEEK

We opened our fall stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, the largest and finest selected stock in the West End, and sold at prices within the reach of all, and fit to wear in the factory or in the church. Beautifully assorted, well bought, and all guaranteed as represented. Have you ordered your overcoat yet?

T. K. ROGERS, Men's Clothier,
522 Queen St. West

FINE TAILORING

I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

JOHN J. TONKIN

COR. YONGE & RICHMOND, TORONTO.

Elegant Plush Mantles

OUR SPECIALTY is Plush Cloaks and Jackets. We show a choice collection of Silk Plush Jackets this season, made up in the newest shapes with quilted satin lining from $17. In these quarter-length Plush Jackets, made up in combination with Astrachan and Persian Lamb Sleeves and Collars, our assortment is large and attractive. Our Plush Dolmans from $20 are not to be surpassed either for style or price. Elegantly Braided and Applique Plush Dolmans for matronly ladies are really handsome. Special attention is given to the **MANUFACTURE OF PLUSH AND SEALETTE GARMENTS** of every description, employing only efficient German tailors on this work Perfect fit guaranteed.

N.B.—Mail orders promptly attended to.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

Misses E. and H. Johnston's opening on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1 was well attended, for the show-rooms were thronged all day. Special lines of street and carriage gowns were exhibited as well as the most novel accessories for bridal trousseaux. Their French millinery, personally selected in Paris is very new and very dainty.

HENRY C. FORTIER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office 16 Victoria Street. Evenings, 57 Murray Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 235 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

EDMONDS—At Toronto, on September 22, Mrs. W. L. Edmonds—a son.
FRAZER—At St. Ann's, on October 4th, Mrs. A. McNab Frazer—a daughter.
GIANELLI—At Toronto, on October 6, Mrs. Alf. W. H. Gianelli—a daughter.
DEACON—At Montreal, on October 3, Mrs. R. S. Deacon—a daughter.
KUHRING—At Toronto, on October 6, Mrs. Gus Adolf Kuhring—a son.
BOWDEN—At Toronto, on October 7, Mrs. F. A. Bowden—a son.
HALL—At Toronto, on September 28, Mrs. C. M. Hall—a daughter.
MUNRO—At Toronto, on October 1, Mrs. Newbury Munro—a daughter.
CLEGG—At Toronto, on September 29, John Clegg—a son.
GLASSFORD—At Scotland, Ont., September 30, Mrs. W. J. Glassford—a son.
RICHARDSON—At Victoria, B.C., October 2, Mrs. W. A. Richardson—a son.
TAYLOR—At St. Catharines, on October 2, Mrs. Henry J. Taylor—a daughter.
COPP—At Toronto, on September 29, Mrs. William Copp—a son.

Marriages.

JONES—THOMPSON—At Brussels, Ont., on October 1, James Jones to Ida Thompson.
FLOCK—BRODERICK—At Toronto, on September 30, Edward William Flock of London, to May Broderick.
LURE—RYDER—At Richmond Hill, on October 1, W. N. Lube to Mrs. J. H. E. Ryder, both of Toronto.
COLLIER—MOORE—At Toronto, on September 25, Charles Homer Collier of New York, to Emma Moore.
MITCHELL—STONE—At Port Perry, on October 2, Charles E. Mitchell to Emma Stone, both of Toronto.
JONES—MORRIS—At Toronto, on October 2, D. Ogden Jones M.D., L.R.C.P., to Maria Emily Morris.
MORTON—MERCER—At Hamilton, on October 2, Herbert M. Morton to Lizzie Mercer.
AMEY—EDWARDS—At Cannington, on October 1, Charles Henry Amey to Florence Victoria Edwards.
BURNHAM—SHEPARD—At Cambridge, Mass., on September 23, George A. Burnham of Toronto, to Fannie G. Shepard.
BARKEY—COOK—At Toronto, on October 1, Joseph Barkey to Lettie Cook.
ELLSWORTH—WALLACE—At Port Hope, on October 2, Oren M. Ellsworth of St. Louis, Mo., to Edith J. Wallace.
SUTHERLAND—RICHARDSON—At Toronto, R. Ross Sutherland of Winnipeg, to Nan Richardson.
MOORE—GERSTER—At Berlin, on October 8, William J. Moore of Brockville, to Annie Gerster.

Deaths.

JOSLIN—At Toronto, on October 7, the infant son of Thomas J. Joslin.
PETTIT—At Toronto, on October 5, Mrs. Andrew F. Pettit, aged 78 years.
BURNS—At Blanchard, on October 2, James C. Burns, aged 30 years.
COOK—At Toronto, John Cook.
McCORQUODALE—On October 2, Captain John A. McCorquodale, aged 52 years.
THOMPSON—At Toronto, on October 4, Annie Amelia Thompson.
BENNETT—At Cobourg, on September 30, Mrs. Sarah Bennett, aged 85 years.
AITCHISON—At Innisfil, on October 3, Thomas Cockburn Aitchison, aged 67 years.
YOUNGS—At Toronto, on October 5, Thomas Ogden Youngs, aged 77 years.
CLARE—At Toronto, on October 8, Mrs. Samuel Clare, aged 65 years.
MALONE—At Hamilton, on October 6, Mrs. Martin Malone, aged 88 years.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

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H. BARITTA MULL
School of Voice Culture and Singing
Opens September 1

The method used in voice-building is that of the old Italians, the object of which is to obtain pure and beautiful singing. Mr. Mull, formerly a pupil of Signor Barili, brother and teacher of the famous *prima donna* Adelina and Carlotta Patti.
VOICE TESTED FREE OF CHARGE.
Room 20, new building corner of Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

DANCING
PROF. THOMAS'
ACADEMY
Late of 293 Yonge, has opened his new and elegant Academy, 344 Yonge street, corner of Louisa. Our new premises will allow us to give greater advantages this season, having three large rooms and Calisthenics Hall also in the Academy, which will be devoted to the use of pupils. The latest American and English dances will be taught in rapid succession. Ladies' and gentlemen's classes now forming. The public are invited to come and view the delightful premises from 10 a.m. to 12 m., till further notice.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

HAVE THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
CARRIAGE RUGS
In the city. Prices from $2.50 to $25 each.
FULL LINE OF
HORSES' CLOTHING
FULL LINE OF
English Saddles, Bridles and Martingales
The Outfit Complete
CHARLES BROWN & CO
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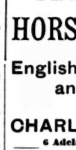

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Dress Cutting Taught
Magic Scale Agency
MISS CHUBB
426½ Yonge St., Just South of College

$23.50
We are selling a
BEDROOM SUITE
with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.
You should secure one of those plums.

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Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
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100 BUNDLES FOR $1.00
The Shannon Shingle Manufacturing Co.
TORONTO, ONT.
Manufacturers and Shippers of Shingles
HEAD OFFICE 109 Queen St. West. Telephone 1101

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

Costumes and Dress Materials

We invite an examination of our Fall and Winter Costumes and Dress Materials. Leading modistes say our stock is without doubt the largest, most varied and best selected in the city.

NOTE OUR PRICES

Double-width Tweed effects in a variety of new mixtures, at 17½c., 20c., 25c. and 30c. per yard.
French Wool Tartans, in latest combinations of colorings, at 25c. per yard.
French Wool Brocades, 42 inches wide, at 35c.
Scotch Wool Tartans, 54 inches wide, at 65c., $1, $1.25 and $1.65 per yard.
Camels Hair Checks, Rough Effects, All-Wool Scotch Homespuns and English Storm Serges in every new shades, at 50c., 65c. and 75c. per yard, all double width goods.
Cashmeres in Latest Colorings, at 40c., 45c. and 50c. Henriettas at 65c. and 75c.
Fine French Costumes, all-wool, very choice materials, at from $4.25 to $20.
Mail orders receive prompt attention.

R. SIMPSON
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF
DIAMONDS.
At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.
GEO. E. TROREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

COAL AND WOOD
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
COAL—Very finest qualities in the market of Egg, Grate, Stove, Chestnut and Soft Coal.
WOOD—Hard and Soft. All kinds constantly on hand.
100 Bundles Specially Prepared Kiln-Dried Kindling for $1
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OFFICES—Head Office, 559 Queen St. West; Telephone 1170. Branch Offices—737 Queen St. West; Telephone 1324; and 458 Dufferin St; Telephone 5044

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J. & J. LUGSDIN

Fashionable Furriers

Short Sealskin Jackets
Long Sealskin Coats
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur-lined Overcoats
Fur-lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Capes

FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, ROBES, Etc.
J. & J. LUGSDIN
Manufacturers, - - - 101 Yonge Street

A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's celebrated London Hats just arrived.

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JUST RECEIVED
= 300 =
GERMAN SAMPLE MANTLES
No Two Alike. New and Very Stylish
In order to make room for our regular stock we will give 25 per cent. off every Coat bought this month.
A deposit of $2 will secure one. Come and have first choice.
THE GOLDEN CROWN
240 and 242 Yonge Street

THE ALLIANCE
BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY
OF ONTARIO, Limited
INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000
GENERAL OFFICES:
27 and 29 Wellington Street East 34 and 36 Front Street East
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This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations.
Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.
Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.
All investments are guaranteed.
THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years five to five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.
Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.
The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario (Limited)
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HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

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